

THE
MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XVII.

FEBRUARY, 1834.

No. 98.

CONTENTS.

	Page.
I. THE MINISTRY AND THE PARLIAMENT.....	113
II. THE GIPSY-CAMP	121
III. THE NIGHT WALK : A BALLAD.....	129
IV. THE WIVES OF THE CÆSARS	137
V. HORATIO SPARKINS.....	151
VI. THE BURIAL OF ST. JOSEPH. BY JOHN GALT	163
VII. THE COTTAGE ALLOTMENT SYSTEM ILLUSTRATED.....	164
VIII. SONNET. BY SIR E. BRYDGES	170
IX. MARRIAGE A-LA-MODE	171
X. SONNET. BY SIR EGERTON BRYDGES.....	180
XI. HISTORICAL BALLADS—No. II. BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD	181
XII. SCOTTISH POETRY.....	182
XIII. LETTER FROM BRITTANY. BY THE AUTHOR OF THE O'HARA TALES.....	196
XIV. THE MONOMANIAC	200
XV. THE ANTI-MALTHUSIAN.....	211
XVI. THE REGRETTED WATCH.....	212
XVII. LETTER TO THE EDITOR, FROM OLD FATHER THAMES'.....	217
XVIII. THE DREAM OF MARIEZZO.....	219
XIX. MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE AND ART	221
XX. LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.....	226
XXI. FRENCH LITERATURE.....	227
XXII. GERMAN LITERATURE	228
XXIII. MUSIC.....	229
XXIV. AGRICULTURAL REPORT	231

LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY COCHRANE AND M'CRONE,
11, WATERLOO-PLACE, PALL-MALL.

THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX.

WE hope our friends will consider that our exertions keep pace with our promises—that the Monthly Magazine is not the least entertaining among the periodicals of the day. In addition to our late arrangements, we have further the pleasure of stating that an agreement is on foot that may secure to us the possession of certain documents which will furnish a series of papers of the most unique and extraordinary description. These documents,—if we succeed in procuring them,—will obtain for our publication a vivid and unceasing interest. We hope soon to announce them by public advertisement.

Many of our subscribers have complained of what they term the discontinuance of the Notes of the Month. We beg to assure them that they are not discontinued; and none can be more anxious for their appearance than ourselves. The original writer has been prevented these last two months from giving us the assistance of his talents; but he confidently expects to resume the "Notes" by the next number. In the mean time we are not willing to entrust them to other hands.

THE MINISTRY AND THE PARLIAMENT.

THE second session of the first Reformed Parliament is on the eve of commencing. The campaign will be begun before these sheets are in the hands of our country readers. The eyes of the nation are intently fixed on the pending conduct of their representatives. Never did a legislature meet under circumstances of greater interest. The situation of the country is critical in the extreme. Distress and discontent, to a far greater extent than a superficial observer would suppose, exist at home ; while our relations with foreign powers wear a most ominous aspect. The well-being of Britain and the peace of Europe, will, in a great measure, depend on the proceedings of the approaching session.

For our own parts, we look forward to the deliberations of the legislature with fear and trembling. The past conduct of the ministry and the parliament unhappily affords too much ground for our apprehensions. The expectations of the country from a reformed government, and a reformed legislature, have been grievously disappointed. If the ministry and the parliament do nothing more in accordance with the spirit and exigencies of the country in the approaching session than they did in the past, their own dissolution will be one of the consequences least to be regretted.

Hitherto their measures have been little better than a mockery of the people's demands. The abuses in the church are numerous and flagrant. Her dignitaries, while performing no duty, wallow in wealth. The curate, on the other hand, whose labours are most arduous and incessant, is doomed to receive a pittance so miserable as to be scarcely sufficient to keep body and soul together. There is the crying anomaly of pluralities—that monstrous principle which recognizes the right of an individual to receive the emoluments of several livings, the duties of more than one of which it is impossible, from their respective localities, he can discharge ; while the probability is, that none of them will be attended to by himself, but be all entrusted to deputies, whose qualification for the office will be estimated by the lowness of the terms on which they are willing to undertake it. The circumstances under which church preferment usually takes place are equally objectionable. Piety, learning, and a scrupulously conscientious performance of clerical duty, go for nothing. Every rich living in the church is disposed of to political or family friends. Public opinion has been long and loudly raised against these and other glaring abuses : it has demanded their immediate and radical correction. How far have the ministry and the parliament complied with that demand ? As yet they have not proceeded a single step in the work of church reform in England. In Ireland they have pretended to do something of the kind ; but it is only pretence. It is a gross misappropriation of language to apply the term “reform” to any thing that has yet been done to the church of Ireland. The Irish establishment, indeed, is so thoroughly a mass

of corruption that nothing but its annihilation can meet the exigency of the case.

Even the sham reform, if we must give it the name of reform, which ministers and the parliament have operated on the church of Ireland, has been forcibly wrested from them. It was from stern necessity, not from choice or from principle, that they consented to it. It was only brought forward as a set-off against their Coercion Bill. Without something of the kind they knew that a measure so unpopular as the Bill of Coercion could never be enforced in Ireland, except at the hazard of a general insurrection. How congenial the latter measure was to the minds of ministers, and how reluctant they were to interfere, even in the slightest degree, with the abominations of the church, may be inferred from the celerity with which the former passed both houses, compared with the snail-like pace at which the latter was suffered to move its slow length into a law.

Other proofs, confirmatory of the same fact, are at hand. The despotic measure lost none of its harsher features in its transit through parliament. The little there was of good in the Church Reform Bill, when first propounded, was extracted before it accomplished its passage through the lower house.

Next came the Slave Emancipation Bill. The people, from one end of the country to the other, demanded the abolition of colonial slavery. They loudly proclaimed in the ears of ministers and the parliament, that a system, alike disgraceful to the country and revolting to humanity, should no longer be tolerated in William the Fourth's dominions. To evade the question by putting it off till another session, would most certainly have been to ministers the loss of office, and to many honourable members, whenever another election should take place, the loss of their seats. Both parties saw this: for both are remarkably quick-sighted whenever their own interests are immediately concerned. Hence a bill must be brought in with the professed view of abolishing slavery. At first sight, the bill seemed passably good; but, in proportion as it became better understood, its commendable qualities disappeared. What was sufficient to awaken the country's suspicions as to its real character, was the way in which it was received by the planters. Supposing, before the development of the measure, that it would be, not only what justice, humanity, and the unanimous voice of the people of Great Britain demanded that it should, but what their own consciences—we mean such of them as had consciences—whispered that it ought, they were in an agony of terror at the forthcoming bill, and, accordingly, were one and all most exemplary in hurling their anathemas at the heads of ministers. The measure was brought forward—when, all of a sudden, their sorrow was turned into joy; their visions of ruin into bright prospects of prosperity; and, as a natural consequence, their rancorous abuse of ministers gave place to the language of friendship and fulsome adulation. They lost no time in announcing their willingness to co-operate most cordially with the Grey Administration, in carrying the provisions of the measure into effect. And well they might; for, in addition to the boon as it was called, and as in truth it might be called, of 20 000 000*l.*, which is more than the actual value of all

the human bodies in their possession, they secured for a lengthened period their interest in, and control over, the wretched creatures on their estates; while at the time the bill was brought forward, they were in the hourly dread of being, by a simultaneous insurrectionary movement among the slaves, not only deprived of them, but of their estates also. Shakspeare asks "What's in a name?" To many people there is a great deal; to some, every thing. Ask the negroes in the West Indies the question, and they will answer, "Nothing." They find to their cost that slavery is as bitter a draught under the name of "apprentices" as it was under the old and plainer appellation of "slaves." The West India bill, in one word, is a flagrant outrage on humanity, a mere mockery of the wrongs of the slaves, and a gross delusion on the people of this country. And to aggravate the misconduct of the ministry which could propose, and the parliament which could sanction, such a measure, this perpetuation of slavery under the name of "apprenticeship"—the perpetuation of a system which, in a few short months, would, from its own native rottenness, have fallen to pieces, is purchased at the expense of 20,000,000*l.*, to be wrung from the pockets of a people already pressed to the ground by a more than Atlasian load of taxation.

The modification effected in the East India Charter is, perhaps, the best of the great measures accomplished by the reformed ministry and reformed parliament. Yet it falls far short of what the circumstances of the case demanded, and the nation expected. To perpetuate, or rather renew, the charter as it then stood, was seen to be out of the question. The partial abolition of the monopoly so long enjoyed by the "four-and-twenty princes of Leadenhall Street," was felt to be a measure of indispensable necessity, unless ministers had chosen to encounter the inevitable alternative of expulsion from power. Even the Tories themselves had long entertained this conviction in its fullest force; for the Wellington government contemplated a measure of reform for India as extensive, if not more so, as that which Lord Grey's ministry has carried into effect.

The Bank Charter Bill is now universally denounced as a measure of unqualified evil to the country. The genius of Toryism, even when in its most high and palmy state, could scarcely have produced a measure more replete with the elements of national mischief. The country demanded that a monopoly, which conferred on two or three irresponsible individuals the power of contracting or extending the currency at their pleasure, and, by consequence, of influencing the credit and commerce of the empire to any extent that suited their own caprice, should be utterly and unceremoniously abolished. The country moreover asserted its right to all the advantages of a free trade in banking: how far have its wishes been acceded to? Let the fact, that the commercial destinies of the country are as much as ever in the hands of the Directors in Threadneedle-street, answer the question. The ministerial journals one and all confess that the perpetuation of the odious monopoly of the Bank was a most unjustifiable measure on the part of ministers and the parliament. No Tory administration, under the circumstances, would have dreamed of such a thing. Whether Ministers knowingly truckled to the Bank, or

were over-reached by the Directors, does not affect the merits of the question. In either case the consequences to the country are the same; in either case ministers stand convicted of unfitness for the offices they hold.

So much for the leading measures of the reform ministry, and the first session of the reformed parliament. The enumeration of their negative misdeeds—of the things they ought to have done, but have left undone—would present a catalogue of frightful extent. What has been done to avenge the wrongs of unhappy Poland, and to chastize Russian haughtiness and Russian aggression? What to prevent its meditated conquest, and consequent possession of Turkey? What has been done, even in the way of remonstrance, to promote the cause of liberty in general, in any of the despotic countries of Europe? What, of any consequence, has been done to forward the same holy cause even at home? What for the emancipation of the Jews from their civil disabilities? What for the relief of the Dissenters from their oppressive burthens? What has been done to remedy the evils of Ireland? What to relieve the commercial and manufacturing interests of England? What for the better promotion of the ends of good government? The answer to each and all of these questions is, “Literally nothing.”

Not only have ministers refused to do any thing themselves in the respects above enumerated, and in many others which might be added, but they have interposed all the obstacles in their power—we regret to say with too much success—to its being done by others. The instances in point crowd upon us. Take a few:—They procured the defeat of Mr. Fergusson’s motion on behalf of Poland—of Mr. Grote’s, for the vote by ballot—of Mr. Tennyson’s, for shortening the duration of Parliaments. Their extraordinary conduct in causing the Commons to rescind their vote, a few days after it was given, for the partial repeal of the malt tax, must be fresh in the recollection of all. Nor is the country likely soon to forget how, by Lord Althorp’s promises of ministers taking the subject into their consideration, Mr. Hume and others were cajoled into a postponement of their intended motions for the abolition of the assessed taxes. Not less unprincipled was the conduct of government in the infant-slavery question. A thousand commendable deeds will not wipe out the foul stain which attaches to their character in defeating Lord Ashley’s great measure of humanity after it had once passed the lower house. To the Commons’ share of the inhumanity of that transaction, is superadded the reproach of inconsistency. But why wonder at any instance of inconsistency on the part of the Commons after the specimen of it exhibited in the case of the malt tax? Never did any unreformed parliament exhibit itself in so pitiable a light, as did our present representatives on that memorable occasion.

In frustrating the great objects in question, ministers and the parliament not only incur the grievous charge of defeating the ends of justice and good government, but they stand convicted of a palpable dereliction of their own principles, uniformly and unequivocally avowed, during the entire term of their previous public lives. Europe, before the Reform Bill had passed, and at the very moment of its

passing, resounded with vehement denunciations by the Whigs in office and the Whigs in parliament, not only of those who immediately inflicted on Poland her flagrant and manifold wrongs, but on those also in this country who were accessory to the infliction of those wrongs. Triennial Parliaments is well known to have been a standing toast at every Whig festival, as well as a topic in every Whig harangue to the mobocracy, ever since the faction had an existence. The propriety of repealing the assessed taxes and the malt tax, and of effecting the other objects referred to, are equally well understood to have been essential parts of Whiggery.

How ministers and the parliament attempt to justify to their own minds this glaring apostacy from their principles, we know not, nor is it material to inquire. One thing is plain—that no sophistry, however refined, will ever satisfy the people that they have not been grossly betrayed by them.

To the abandonment of principle with which ministers and the parliament are chargeable, is to be added the crime of ingratitude. Who placed Lord Grey and colleagues in power? Who secured the passing of the Reform Bill? And who put our present representatives, if so they must be called, into Parliament? The people. And for all this they are rewarded with a scornful rejection of their petitions, with a haughty refusal to forward the objects most dear to their hearts. This is ingratitude with a vengeance; but a day of reckoning will come: if the signs of the times be not delusive, it is not far distant.

So long as the ministry and their Whig supporters had an object to be gained, and which could be gained most conveniently by the people, or not at all without them, so long the people were the god of their idolatry; but the moment they fancied themselves secure in their places, they practically repudiated all connexion with the millions, and paid the most servile and ignoble court to the Tory aristocracy. Every day of Lord Grey's ministerial career has afforded a fresh illustration of this. His lordship individually, and his cabinet collectively, have submitted to acts of obsequiousness which every manly mind would spurn at, with the view of ingratiating themselves with the most influential of the Tories in both houses.

And with what success have all these efforts at conciliating the adverse party been made by the Grey administration? Why, their approaches have been met precisely in the way they deserved. Their treatment has been of the most cavalier kind. They have been laughed to scorn by the persons to whom their homage was offered; the Tories have, as if instinctively, shrunk back from their advances. They seem to think there would be pollution in the contact. There are symptoms at this moment of a disposition on the part of Ministers and their friends to throw themselves again into the arms of the people. Will the people receive them? Not they. They have been so deceived and betrayed already, that they have not now a particle of confidence to repose in them.

It is urged by the apologists of Ministers, that the reason why they have done so little, is, because of the obstacles interposed by the Tories. It is, of course, meant to be inferred, that the reason why they

have paid court to their opponents, was, with the view of disarming them in some measure, if not wholly, of their hostility. The premises are unfounded; the inference, as a matter of course, is unjustified. That the Tories have been zealous in their efforts to thwart Ministers, or rather would have been so, had Lord Grey brought forward any measure which they deemed worthy of their special hostility, is at once admitted; but this admission is very far from being tantamount to one, that such hostility would have been successful. It were a sorry commentary on the power to do good, conferred on Parliament by the Reform Bill, to find the first beneficial measures proposed, after it had passed, unavoidably frustrated by the conservative faction. But such an assumption is altogether groundless. Ministers, had they pleased, could, for all beneficial measures, have commanded large majorities in the Lower House, and if, in the Lords, such measures had been pertinaciously resisted, Lord Grey either was, or ought to have been, on his second acceptance of office, armed with the power to neutralize their opposition by an ample addition to the peerage. The simple circumstance of knowing that Earl Grey possessed such power, and that he had the energy of character to exercise it, if need were, would have spread dismay among the Tory noblemen, and taught them the prudence, if they are not to be taught the justice, of yielding to the nation's wishes. The reason, therefore, why the Ministry did not accomplish a greater amount of good last session, was not because of the obstacles interposed by the Tories, but because they themselves lacked the will. Even the little that they did do was not spontaneous; they were forced to it by the resistless current of public opinion.

As to the pretext, that the reason why Ministers evinced so great an anxiety to conciliate the Tories, was to modify their hostility, and thus be enabled to effect a greater amount of public good,—we put no faith in it. Our conviction is, that Earl Grey was so anxious to be on a friendly footing with the Conservatives, either from a greater sympathy with them than with the people, or from some other cause with which we are unacquainted, that to accomplish that object he would have compromised the past principles of his life to any extent that would not, of necessity, have caused such a burst of public indignation as would, at once, have annihilated both him and his Ministry.

It would be gathered from the tenor of these remarks, even had we not made an observation to the effect in the outset, that we have no great confidence in ministers. When we say this, however, we chiefly confine the observation to their *dispositions*. We are not without hope that they may, however reluctantly, accomplish a tolerable amount of good in the course of the approaching session. If they are only possessed of anything approximating to average shrewdness, they must see that the retention of place is altogether out of the question unless they pursue a more liberal line of policy than they have hitherto adopted; and such is their love of office, that they will rather do any thing than put their places in jeopardy. There will be no possibility of giving the go-by to any of the great questions which are now agitating the empire from one extremity to

the other, and which must come on for discussion at an early period of the session. If ministers will not settle these questions themselves, and settle them to the satisfaction of the country too, they must vacate their seats to make room for men who will.

And here we may observe that their legislation of the last session was as deficient in sound policy for themselves as it was devoid of principle. Had they only met the righteous demands of the people half way, the people would have been satisfied; but this they refused, and the consequence has been that, with the refusal, the people's demands have been raised. Had the Dissenters been last year relieved from the payment of rates to support a church of which they disapprove, and from which they derive no benefit whatever, they would have been contented; and the church might have existed for some time to come. Now, however, unless we are grievously mistaken, nothing will satisfy the country short of the overthrow of the church as an establishment. It is the same with tithes and other matters, to which we need not particularly refer. It is surprising that Earl Grey could have been blind to all this. It needed not the aids of profound philosophy to point it out; the fate of his predecessors in office, and the causes of that fate, were before him. It was the refusing to grant a little reform, when that little would have sufficed, that led to that large and universal demand for it, the resisting of which crushed the Wellington government, and in which the Tories have been since forced, however reluctantly, to acquiesce.

The rock on which ministers are in most danger of splitting, is an over-estimate of their own strength. In their late manifesto,* that strength is greatly magnified. In a counter pamphlet entitled, "A Protest against the Reform Ministry, and the Reformed Parliament, by an Opposition Member" (understood to be Mr. J. Kennedy), it is proved that the ministry, so far from being strong, possess the elements of weakness in so great a degree, that their holding together so long is rather a matter of wonder than any thing else. On most of the great questions which came before Parliament last session, their majorities were so small as to be tantamount to a defeat. On Mr. T. Attwood's motion for a committee to inquire into the distresses of the country, they had only a majority of 34, out of a house of 354. Their majority against Mr. Robinson's motion for a committee to inquire into the present system of taxation, with the view to the substitution of an equitable property tax, was only 66, out of a house numbering 376 members. Mr. Tennyson's motion for the repeal of the Septennial Act, was lost by the small majority of 49, in a house of 381. Their Slavery Bill was carried by no larger a majority than 58, though the members present numbered 370. Against Mr. Buckingham's motion for the abolition of impressment of seamen, they could muster no greater a majority than 5. In several most important instances, the ministers were left in an actual minority. Sir William Ingilby defeated them on the malt tax, by

* The pamphlet entitled "The Reform Ministry, and the Reformed Parliament."

a majority of 10. On one of the essential clauses of the Irish Coercion Bill, they were left in a minority of 36. Lord Ashley's motion for a committee on the Factory Bill, was carried against them, by a majority of 23, though the measure, owing to the trickery of Lord Althorp, aided by the servility of some hon. members, and the stupidity of others, was afterwards lost. And, to mention no more instances, they were in a minority of 9, on Mr. Ruthven's important motion for the reduction of taxation, and the abolition of sinecures. In the Lords, as already mentioned, the ministers were still weaker. There, had it so seemed good to the Tories, they were liable to be defeated at any time. Several of their leading measures, the Local Courts Jurisdiction Bill for example, were unceremoniously thrown out. That they carried any measure at all, was altogether an act of sufferance on the part of the conservatives. The latter faction, indeed, openly declared, that they permitted Lord Grey to remain in power because "the pear was not ripe for eating;" in other words, because they did not conceive the time had yet arrived for their own resumption of office. They deemed it the better course to suffer the Whigs to blunder on and betray the people a little longer, until, the measure of their folly and iniquity being complete, the nation might become so thoroughly ashamed of and disgusted with them, as to put their return to office at any future time beyond the range of possibility.

On whatever course Ministers may decide the approaching session will be a most eventful one. The great battle of liberty and justice, against oppression and injustice, not only as concerns this country, but in a great measure Europe generally, is about to be fought. The struggle may be severe, and it may be more protracted than most people apprehend; but there cannot be a doubt of the issue: the great principles of liberty and right must and will triumph, if not in the persons of the present Ministers, in those of the men who will succeed them.

It will possibly be inferred by some that we are hostile to Earl Grey's government as individuals. The inference is altogether groundless. It is to their measures, not themselves, that we are opposed. We have no wish to see them displaced: what we desire is to see them sympathize with the wishes of the people, and set themselves, forthwith and in earnest, to redress their grievances. Let them only do this—which, we repeat, they will find to be the best policy for themselves—and they shall not only have our best sympathies, but all the support it is in our power to give them.

THE GIPSY-CAMP.

ONE autumnal evening, while travelling through Lincolnshire, I halted at a lonely inn, which stood at least three miles from the nearest village. There was something peculiarly remarkable in its solitariness, situated on a long broken line of rugged hills, called the cliffs, and beautifully relieved by sweeping woods, extending far as the eye could measure. Below, spread a fertile valley dotted with kine and sheep, while in the distance rose a spire, as if looking upon the silent sky. At intervals, the cold boom of a passing-bell smote my ear, broken by the low tones of ring-doves, that cooed from the neighbouring woods.

There is an awful calmness in the dim-striding hours of twilight, amid the hush of darkening trees; the stealthy gliding of a fox, the rustle of an affrighted hare, or the whurring of a startled pheasant, in my mind, always adds to the loneliness of the time and scenery, as if they seemed conscious that the unwelcome foot of man had no right to intrude upon their solitude. As I wandered on in the dreary stillness of a grassy lane that abruptly separated two mighty woods, I was surprised, by seeing in the distance, the ruddy glare of an immense fire, which cast its red light upon the variegated foliage. While hesitating whether to proceed or return, the rich swell of mingled voices came floating on the air in sweetest harmony;—the stilly night, the echoing woods, and the murmuring of a brook, were all in beautiful accord, and sank deeply into my soul, like mysterious music which fancy hears alone in dreams. The song ceased, and a merry peal of laughter followed the chorus; then it died away in faint echoes among the distant hills. As I neared the cheerful fire which illuminated the dusky scenery far around, I could perceive various figures moving to and fro, or standing in dark relief before its crimson light.

Mine host had cautioned me against wandering too far, as a gang of gipsies had encamped somewhere in the neighbourhood. "If," said he, "yo get among them chaps, an happen to hev any muny on you, they'll hev it afore yo know where yo are. They're rum fellows; one dosent deny 'em ought, cos if they axe for any mander o thing, an we'll not give 'em it, it's allos wos for us i'th' end; but there's some good-ens among 'em, an when they hev muny, they spend it as free as rain. I wonder where the devil they allos pick up sich a lot o' pretty lasses; I think th' wenches must be mad to leav their humes, an gue wi' them, sleeping i' camps, in woods, and lanes, as they du."

There is a wild freedom in the unstudied motions of the gipsies, which I greatly admire; an untamed lordliness in their erect deportment, nowhere met with in the busy city. They are seen to advantage but in the solitude of grassy lanes and silent heaths. They have always an eye to the romantic, erecting their camps in situations the most beautiful; the wind-shaded glen, the hawthorn-screened hollow, or the oak-sheltered corner of a common, is to them, a welcome home.

The way in which I should first introduce myself to these wild denizens of the forest was far more difficult to me than if I had been compelled to enter into the presence of my monarch; I knew they shunned the haunts of men that they might enjoy more freedom, and would look suspiciously on an intruder like myself. I was not a stranger to their habits; for when a boy, hungry and weary with bird-nesting, I have fearlessly entered their camps, partaken of their food, played with their children, rode upon their dogs and donkeys, or buried myself beneath their tent-blankets. I was now a man, and came as an observer, yet no less resolute to mould myself to their ways, throw aside all restraint and be as happy as circumstances would allow.

"You've been very merry," said I, approaching the large stick fire and lighting a cigar. The deep and angry salutation of watch-dogs was the only answer to my remark; until a few kicks, and "lay down, Lounger, Snap, and Guider!" had had the effect of soothing stout and faithful defenders, who still continued growling, as if dissatisfied with the terms of peace.

"Yase, sir, we're not often sad," replied a lovely sun-burnt girl; "will you sit down?" I sat down beside her upon a bundle of straw; but not without receiving a searching glance from a young man, who was busily employed in carving the head of an immense stick.

"Have you got any pipes, old friend?" The man whom I addressed had knelt down several times before the fire, to light a short pipe, which appeared to contain very little tobacco.—"Yes," was the reply, "plenty, but very little *backer*." I then produced a large pouch full, and bade all partake who choose; and setting the example, by throwing my cigar into the fire and seizing a short black pipe. While we sat smoking around the cheering blaze of a crackling fire, with the deep blue midnight for a canopy, and the stars hung above for chandeliers, I shall endeavour to make my readers better acquainted with my companions, and their residence. The three tents stood in the shape of a triangle, each entrance fronting the fire. They were erected after the manner in which carrier-carts are tilted; in the centre flamed a large fire, and around, for the space of eight or ten feet, were bottles or sheaves of straw placed for seats. This was barricaded to the height of four or five feet; huge stakes were driven down for supporters, and covered with long grass and reeds, of which plenty grew in the adjacent woods; the shattered trees that grew near plainly showed from what quarter the stakes and fuel came. There was a slight curtaining which divided the outer work and a tent; this, too, was covered in with grass and weeds, and appeared to form a distinct couch from the rest. The cackle of cocks and hens often arose from some of the outer-works, and I once fancied I heard the distinct grunt of a pig; but deemed it wise to ask no questions. The faces of sun-burnt children emerged at times from their dirty blankets; but they no sooner met my glance than they were again invisible. In the centre sat a dark, tall, thin, aged woman, busily engaged in watching the progress of three skinned hedgehogs, which she was frying for supper: there seemed to be no lack of lard in her frying-pan, no doubt, fortune-telling had drawn that from some well-fed

farmer's substantial pantry. An old man, whose face was familiar to me, sat apart with folded arms, the flickering flame at intervals lighting his olive forehead, which was deeply furrowed with care ; I had seen him about eight years before ; he had then a young woman with him, whom he called his wife ; but I had heard that she had absconded with his only son. I thought once his eagle-eye penetrated my thoughts and as our eyes met, his ridgy brow contracted ; but in another moment, all again was darkly calm, as yet he had not uttered one word.

Three dark-eyed young women sat together at the entrance of the largest tent. One whose hair fell on her olive shoulders, dark as the longest night, was rocking her beautiful form like a blooming flower pressed by the passing breeze. She chaunted some wild notes, nor ceased until the naked infant upon her knee closed its little bright eyes in soothing sleep ; the other two sat smoking, and throwing green branches upon the fire, as others fell down in ruddy embers. Apart from these sat a blue-eyed girl, fair as the mountain-daisy ; her white fingers seemed buried among her chesnut ringlets, and sorrow had settled on her interesting features ; she made a sign which I could not understand ; but I fancied that we had been acquainted ; her face seemed to rise before me like the dim recollection of a distant dream. One man, whose athletic form would have done no discredit to Hector, lay stretched out at the entrance of the camp, playing with the dogs, who in return showed their affection by licking his face, which was not one of the cleanest ; two other daring young fellows I had dispatched to the inn (which was near upon four miles distant), with a written order for ale and liquors.

"They are a long time before they bring you drink," said I, jocosely ; "I hope they have not got murdered on the road."

"It is na two nor three, as could either murder or frighten Israel and Jonathan," replied the young mother, "beside, they've got Guider with 'em, and he can tear any man down."

At the mention of murder ; the old man who sat in the shadow of his tent blanket, involuntarily shuddered ; again our eyes met. This was too much ; he arose, threw his pipe angrily in the fire, and left the camp bare-headed.

"The spirit is in Black Boswell again," whispered the old woman, as she continued mashing some potatoes in a bowl ; "he often arises from his tent at midnight, when he thinks we are all asleep, and hurries down the fox-heath, where he will walk backwards and forwards before an old blasted pine. We have watched him unperceived for hours ; he has never been happy since Mary ran away with his son Nash.—Heigho !" This information was received in silence by us all, saving the young mother, who shook her head and exclaimed—"All can't be right !" Much talk occurred, and speculations were hazarded on Black Boswell, till Israel and Jonathan arrived laden with victuals and drink.

"Well," I interrogated, "what did the old landlord say?"

"O ! he only told us to keep sober, and said as he need'nt sit up on yo' as this drink would last us till the cock crow'd and longer."

"Where is Black Boswell?" exclaimed Israel, sharply.

"Gone to the d—— heath," was the answer.

"What, the devil, can't he never make himself comfortable? it's a sad heart as never rejoices; he must be fetch'd."

"But who'll fetch him?" interrogated the old beldame. "Not I! not I!" was echoed from every lip but mine and the blue-eyed lass's.

"How far is it to the heath?"

"About a mile," was the answer; "it opens at the end of these woods."

"Well!" said I, "if any of you dare go with me, I'll try to persuade the old man to return."

"Go with him Vinah," said the old woman, "you have less fear than any of 'em." The fair girl arose, don'd her red cloak and round straw-hat; and away we went, arm-in-arm, while Lounger ran barking before us.

We wandered on in silence, until the camp was hidden from our sight by an abrupt turning between the woods—a silence which neither of us felt inclined to break. This continued until we came opposite a fine open glade, through which the moonlight streamed like a flood of transparent silver, which was beautifully contrasted by the darkening forest-trees, retaining their unbroken gloominess.

"What a delightful country this is!" I exclaimed; "there only wants a rolling river, like the Trent through yon distant heath, to make this wild scene a romantic retreat."

"Do you know the Trent?" interrogated my fair companion, timidly.

"Not better than you do, Lavina, or as I should say, Vinah; for so it seems you choose to be called in the gipsy-camp." The moon now shone full upon her beautiful face; she blushed deeply; then stood like a tranquil statue motionless, with her large blue eyes rivetted on the grass.—I proceeded:—

"I little deemed, Lavina, when I last saw you a sweet, innocent girl, leaving the village-school, that our next meeting would be in a gipsy's-camp. It is not my business to inquire what ill-fated passion has compelled you to leave your parents and join these wanderers; but I shall be afraid to look on your dear father and mother again, lest that I should find them broken-hearted."

She withdrew her arm from mine with all the pride of injured innocence, and looking intently upon my face, while tears chased each other rapidly down her crimson cheeks, replied:

"I am still innocent; it was my parents who compelled me to this, by nearly forcing me to wed with a man whom I abhor. Had I taken up my residence in any town, I should soon have been discovered—it is only in the solitude of these woods that I can shun the only man I really hate. You ought to be the last to feel astonished at my being acquainted with gipsies; it was you who first led me to their tents, when I rambled with your Mary through the scroggs. I have been familiar with them from childhood. They would sooner perish one by one, than any harm should befall me. I whispered old Abigail who you were; but her keen eye had recognized you at the first glance. I have only been with them two days—I am far from feeling comfortable—I have slept in that small tent which is divided from the rest—the three faithful dogs have been my centinels; they are

attached to me from my constantly feeding them whenever they passed our door. I would sooner marry with a gipsy than that wretch who ever haunted me like a spirit until I found freedom by flight."

"You say, Lavina, that I alone am censurable for first making your acquaintance with these gipsies. I was then but a mere boy, ill-calculated to judge of any consequences; I feel your situation acutely. You know—you always knew—that, next to my dear Mary who is now in heaven, you are nearest my heart."

"And am I yet?" she murmured.

"Yet!" I answered, "and ever shall be if such should be your wish." She lifted her dear eyes towards heaven, and exclaiming, "Thank God! I am happy," fainted upon my bosom. Several minutes elapsed before she recovered, and ere we had walked much further, she spoke and looked like a different being. The clouds of sadness had left her beautiful face, and were replaced by smiling happiness.

We had now reached that expansive heath, over which the full moon poured her cloudless light with uninterrupted splendour. Scarce a tree arose to form a shadow; all appeared an illimitable scene of softest light, save where the ends of the woods stretched along on each hand. They alone were in shade. I now perceived Black Boswell, walking rapidly to and fro within the space of ten or fifteen yards. His long matted hair was uplifted by the night-wind, and waved about his aged head like dead grass on a ruined tower. At times his arms were uplifted, as if he addressed some invisible being in passionate language—then, again, they were folded upon his bosom, and his face turned towards the ground. Still that lonely blasted pine appeared the spot towards which all his feelings were drawn. I bade Lavina follow me into the wood, but above all things not to let the dog escape. I purposed making a short circuit that we might come out opposite the withered tree. After some difficulty arising from the close-woven underwood and armed briars, we reached the hedge-side before which Boswell was striding in all the despair of a demon.

We heard him moan deeply, as if a thousand convulsing tortures tore his bosom asunder. At intervals he muttered dark words, which sounded on our ears like indistinct thunder; at length his feelings were aroused to their highest pitch; then he exclaimed—

"'Tis past! 'tis past! The deed is done; it can never be recalled. A wife—a son—both gone!—O! my deeds are black—ah! did ye call, Mary! Nash? no, no! they will call no more. That frightful tree—those blasted arms bend over me like an accusing witness. O! what a hell of eternal torture boils within me. Would that this night were the last I had to live; I will confess my crime. I will—no! no! to be hung amid the hissing scoffs of the unfeeling multitude, I cannot, I cannot!—I would not hang my poor dog Lounger." At the mention of his name the noble dog sprang through the hedge, and in a moment was at his master's feet. This was a signal for us to retire: we made our way through the entangled boughs, and again entering the heath, approached the miserable old man. We met him

with affected glee, although our hearts felt heavy. When we solicited him to return, he answered us in words gentle and submissive as a child,—

“Yes,” said he, “I’ll go with you, and try to feel happy; many days have rolled over since I was.”

‘Ve each took hold of an arm, and walked with him. Reflection had given him eloquence. O, how his remarks made my heart bleed. He spoke of the folly of yielding to headstrong passions, which caused us to execute in one rash moment what a whole eternity could never recal; of the direful effects of jealousy, which left nothing in its track but desolation; of the misery which ensued from those who married unequal in their ages. As he proceeded, the big tears trickled down his care-furrowed cheeks. We had by this time reached the camp; the bottle passed merrily round, and every eye seemed lighted with joy, saving the old man’s: he sat apart in silent meditation. The old woman told her best tales; the gipsy girls sang their sweetest songs, while their lovers or husbands took up the chorus; the raven flew croaking above our heads; the startled owl hooted at our midnight merriment; and the echoing woods again responded the immortal ballads of Robin Hood and Chevy Chace. After the merry din had a little subsided I was requested to sing.

“Come, then,” said old Abigail, “let’s have one of your own melancholy songs; for I have heard say that ye have made a many on the death of your poor Mary; Heaven rest her soul!”

Vinah, too, solicited; and every ragged callant would hear any thing but no. I sat opposite the old man, on whom a fearful change had within this last hour been visible. The women whispered one to the other, and the men regarded him with superstitious fear. I felt curious to mark the effect that my singing would produce on his desponding feelings. He held a full glass in his hand, but as I proceeded let it rest upon his knee untasted. All around sat listening in death-like silence, as I thus commenced:—

Wave on, thou dark green aged thorn,
In solemn silence wave;
Beneath thy shade we meet no more,
My Mary’s in her grave.
Come, Death, and bear me to her tomb,
Beside yon’ wood-crown’d hill;
Wave on, thou dark green aged thorn,
Thy shadow turns me chill.

“What is the matter, Boswell?” interrogated Abigail.

The old man sat with his eyes turned towards heaven, his hands shook like the trembling water-flag. “Nothing, nothing!” he murmured; “sing on.”

Shine on, ye bright sky-cradled stars,
Ye bring to mind her eyes,
And oft have shone on her pale cheek
When no moon walked the skies;
Sing on, thou lonely nightingale—
Oh, how thou mak’st me thrill!
Thou sang so when my Mary liv’d,
I hear thee and turn chill.

Weep on, ye sweet bell-folded flowers,
 I love those tears ye shed ;
 It is not dew that gems your eyes ;
 O, no !—ye know she's dead ;
 Altho' ye sigh not deep like me,
 Ye silently instil
 A lesson of sad speechless grief—
 I read it and turn chill.

Wave on, thou dark green aged thorn,
 Near thee we last did part,
 Her last deep sigh was near thy shade—
 But thou wilt break my heart.
 I shiver 'neath the breath of night,
 That pipes so cold and shrill ;
 Wave on, thou dark green aged thorn,
 Thy shadow turns me chill.

As the last words trembled on my tongue, the old man fell from his seat. His iron frame seemed convulsed with internal agony ; his eyes glared wildly on all around—his hour had come !—" Ha, ha !" said he, " are they here ?—stay, Mary—Nash, do not frown so—wait ! wait !—I knew ye would come !—Abigail ! Israel ! (they bent over him) bury me—on—on the heath—it's night—the tree's shadow, the fatal pine, not on the other side. *They*—lie there—at twelve.—O, God ! for——" He gave another deep gasp, and all was over—the old man had gone to his last account. Lavina lay senseless before the camp fire ;—all was tumult—the dogs howled, and seemed conscious he was no more. The children had arisen from their straw couches, and mingled with the mournful group—naked and sorrowful.

Daylight already crimsoned the east, as Lavina and I took our departure from this melancholy scene. We promised to be at the old man's interment before midnight, and wandered with aching hearts from the gipsies' camp.

I arose about noon considerably refreshed, and bade the servant call Lavina. While we were dining in the parlour of the inn, a healthy-looking old farmer put up his horse and came in.

" Well, what news ?" said my inquisitive host.

" Nothing very particular," replied the farmer ; " as I rode past the wood-end this morning, I saw two gipsies very busy digging a grave."

" Hey !" exclaimed my host, laying down his knife and fork, and staring in astonishment, " hey ! why thev been modering sumbody."

" Not exactly so, neither," said the farmer ; " Black Boswell's dead."

" Black Boswell dead !" echoed mine host and hostess, " why you dunt say su ?"

" I have said so," replied the farmer, smiling ; " dead or not, they're going to bury him upon suspicion."

Mine host heard not this last remark ; he sat looking with vacant eye upon his plate, and kept repeating in various tones—" Black Boswell dead, whoiver thote he wud die !"

The waiting-maid, who came in during the consternation which the

news created, had borne the tidings into the kitchen. Nothing was heard within the house but "Black Boswell's dead!"

At twilight we again set out for the gipsy-camp. Lavina appeared rather alarmed at the thought of witnessing the solemn ceremony. The moon was only visible at intervals, owing to the large masses of dark clouds which were sailing rapidly towards the west; every thing around foreboded an approaching storm; that deep hollow murmur, which is a certain herald, was heard in the woods, and before we reached the camp a smart shower had commenced, ushered in by the faint sounds of distant thunder. The air was close and sultry; a vivid flash lighted even the dark recesses of the wood; and a loud peal of thunder burst forth, causing the earth to shake beneath our feet. All nature appeared agitated. Peal followed peal, without cessation, saving those moments when the whole atmosphere appeared one mass of sheeted fire. By the time we reached the camp the rain poured down in torrents, and sounded through the dreary woods like the distant roar of the wind-lifted ocean.

We entered the camp without exciting the slightest notice. All appeared unconscious of the elemental din by which they were surrounded. Where but the previous night had crackled the cheering fire, was laid the corse, upon a rugged bier of green boughs. All, saving the head, was stitched up in white linen. Around were seated the mourners, in various positions, all chanting some low, lone, melancholy dirge, which I did not understand. The children had been dispatched early to rest on this occasion; the powerful mastiffs lay quietly, as if they, too, felt a portion of that sorrow which encompassed all.

"Abigail," said I (she lifted up her head, but made me no answer), "it will be midnight by the time we reach the heath."

All arose in silence. The bier was borne by four of the men, the rest followed in death-like stillness. At times nothing was visible through the gloom but the white linen that enshrouded the dead. Then, again, the glancing lightning unveiled the slow-moving group; still we pressed forward. Although the thunder growled out his funeral hymn, and the red flashes were his torch-bearers, not one, saving Lavina, appeared to quail. They laid him down softly in his damp grave. There was no hollow sound when the earth was thrown upon his coffinless corse;—no priest mumbled the cold ceremony for the dead;—nothing but sighs and tears was his requiem. There they rest upon that lonely heath—the murderer and the murdered. The blasted pine is alone their monument! Last summer I took my dear wife, Lavina, to visit its solitudes. No trace remained, saving the lonely tree, to tell of what had been. Upon their silent graves bloomed a thousand purple heath-bells; the merry birds filled the surrounding woods with music, the wild bee flew murmuring from flower to flower. We wandered in silence up the grassy lane, over which the disturbing wheels but seldom pass; all was tranquil as if the foot of man never invaded its solitude. No sign—no trace remained to point out the ever-remembered Gipsy-Camp.

T. M.

THE NIGHT-WALK.*

A BALLAD.

It is no fiction I record,
 No common tale I pen,
 But misery—ah! woe is me,
 Alone from other men.

Alone! alone! I've been alone,
 Where no house you could see,
 Alone upon a wide, wild heath;
 And a dying man with me.

The dark destroying angel came,
 Flapping the poison'd air,
 I saw his black plumes hovering,
 For I alone was there.

And we set out at early morn,
 The sun all glorious shone;
 We were, I ween, wayfaring men;
 But I return'd alone.

I saw him take his fond wife's hand,
 And kiss his little child;
 Joy beam'd, like sunshine, from their eyes,
 While hope serenely smil'd.

I heard that last heart-rending word,
 That yet sounds like a knell:
 "Good bye!" "Good bye!" and on went we,
 Within us peace did dwell.

Our step was light as mountain roe's;
 The sun, the morn, the flowers,
 Drove Care from off his cank'ring throne,
 No hearts more blythe than ours.

Our course lay thro' sweet fertile fields,
 Our path was crown'd with trees;
 The merry birds sang jovially,
 And loudly humm'd the bees.

The bright-brow'd sun stood in the sky,
 As if he had unfurl'd
 His richest ray, that seem'd to say
 Death dwells not in the world.

He could not dwell amid those fields,
 Where flowers were seen to bloom;
 Nor bask on banks by sunshine lit,—
 Ah, no! he loves the gloom.

* It may perhaps add to the melancholy interest of this narrative to state that it is true—even to the very words spoken. The heath is situate between Nottingham and Newstead Abbey.

And who could deem, when eyes were bright,
 And hope went whisp'ring on,
 From street to street, from town to town,
 "The pest, the pest has gone!"

And who could deem, that saw those flowers
 In blue and crimson wave,
 Or felt that gentle morning breeze,
 That they were near the grave?

And who could deem, that heard those birds
 From glen and green wood sing;
 And saw those rainbow'd insects soar,
 That night would sorrow bring?

And who could deem, that heard those brooks,
 Soft rolling, gurgle by;
 And saw those little fishes glide,
 That aught that day could die?—

That Death had grasp'd his deadliest dart,
 And rose with morning light,
 With us to cross those flowery fields,
 And streams of purling light?

* * * * *

Our hearts were gay, our steps were free,
 As o'er that heath we stray'd;
 The children lay upon the grass,
 Or with the house-dog play'd.

The village milk-maid on us smil'd,
 When ask'd to be a bride;
 While she tript gaily with her pail,
 And we walk'd by her side.

The shepherd carol'd like the lark,
 As, with his curly dog,
 He trampled down the sun-lit moss
 Or rush-engirded bog.

We would not deem we were alone
 When trees were green and gay,
 For Nature humm'd her thousand songs
 All on that sunny day.

On, on we went, care was forgot
 'Mid summer's golden store;
 'Tis then alone, amid her charms,
 We feel no longer poor.

At length we reach'd our journey's end,
 Mine host brought out good cheer;
 Pledged us in home-brew'd sparkling ale,
 And cried, "You're welcome here."

We went to labour with a heart
 Free as the human will,
 But soon that man who shared my toil
 Exclaim'd, "O! I am ill."

I bade him then go rest awhile—
 On me his eyes he roll'd,
 Then fix'd them straightway on the ground,
 And said—"I feel so cold!"

Said he, "I'll walk down Abbey lane,
 And up by Newstead wood—
 Lend me Childe Harold, and I'll read—
 A walk may do me good."

No doubt he deem'd the sun and flowers
 His spirits would revive:
 In sooth, it was a charming day—
 All Nature seem'd alive.

And where that spire look'd on the sky,
 Childe Harold's corse was laid;
 And o'er the wood *his* towers were seen,
 Which Time's cold hand hath gray'd.
 And he now walk'd those far-fam'd fields
 Where Byron oft had been;
 Trod the same long, lone, silent woods,
 And deep dells, darkly green.

* * * * *

He came not back until the sun
 Went down o'er Annesly hill,
 Then briefly told how bad he'd been,
 And said his limbs were chill.

I saw his sadly-sunken face,
 And mark'd each ghastly eye;
 I something said about his look,
 But he made no reply.

The sun had set, the sky look'd black,
 I bade him go to bed:
 "O, no!" he cried, "we must go home;"
 And shook his painful head.

"We must go home—I'm better now,
 But thirsty—give me drink;
 Were I to stay away all night,
 What would my dear wife think?"

I mention'd the long dreary miles;
 Mine host did plead also;
 But to see home he seem'd resolv'd,
 And said alone he'd go.

"And canst thou walk six dreary miles,
 So ill as thou dost seem?"

"I will," he cried—"I must—my wife!"—
 Then stood, and seem'd to dream.

Tho' distant far his wife and child,
 Yet did his eye unfold
 A smiling ray, that seem'd to say
 I with them converse hold.

"Well," answer'd I, "if you're resolv'd
To reach your home to-night,
I, too, will your companion be ;"
He smiling said, "That's right.

"Tho' I am ill, and very ill,
My wife will wait on me ;
Fear not, we soon shall walk six miles ;"
So onward journey'd we.

The night was dark, the rain fell fast,
His home then fill'd his mind ;
He walk'd as if he walk'd for life,
I follow'd close behind.

On—on we went a dreary mile,
Adown a dark, wild lane ;
But soon we were compell'd to halt,
He could not walk for pain.

There was a house, a low lone house,
The last we had to pass,
Before we enter'd that wild heath,
Where gorse o'ertops the grass.

He bade me once more fetch him drink,
And feel his parched tongue ;
I drew drink from that cottage-well,
He o'er the white gate hung.

The cottager came out to see,
And sadly shook his head ;
No doubt he deem'd Death's hand was there,
But not a word he said.

And now upon a wild wide heath
None others could you see ;
Alone, alone we journey'd on,
A dying man with me.

Nor house, nor solitary cot
On that wild heath did stand ;
The rush, the fern, and armed furze
Alone grew on that land.

Upon my arm he heavy hung,
Away we went—tramp, tramp ;
But, oh ! we had not journey'd far,
Before he cried, "The cramp !"

I knelt amid that golden broom,
Amid that rain-drench'd fern,
And rubb'd his chilly, knotted limbs ;
His face look'd dark and stern.

Then on we went across that heath,
And stopt as fresh pains came ;
Sometimes he mutter'd to himself,
"My wife !"—I heard her name.

At length the moon broke thro' a cloud,
And o'er that wild heath shone ;
The rain-drops gleam'd on blue-bell buds,
Like gems around a throne.

Said I, his gloomy thoughts to chase,
" The moon shines bright, dost see ?"
He turn'd his eyes to look, then said,
" She'll shine no more on me."

He stood and paus'd a little while,
But not a word spake he ;
And then upstart, as men start
From idle reverie ;

And seiz'd me firmly by the arm,
" Dost think yon moon," said he,
" Contains our souls when we are dead,
Or where can heaven be ?"

And then he murmur'd " wife and child !"
Ah ! me, I knew his fears,
And glancing sidelong on his face,
Saw heart-wrung hopeless tears.

" And dost thou think we meet our kin
In heaven ? O God ! this pain !"
Then down I knelt on that wild heath,
And rubb'd his limbs again.

" We must reach home—on, on," he cried ;
His look, his words were stern.
He walk'd as tho' he tramp'd on death,
Then fell amid the fern.

And there he lay on that drear heath,
Amid that heathery bloom ;
The sky his only canopy,
His couch the furze and broom.

His hands were clench'd, his lips were black,
His face was dark likewise ;
His cheeks were fallen dreadfully,—
But, oh ! his glassy eyes,

Rolling upon the sailing moon,
Then glaring fixed on me ;
Stretch'd groaning on a wild wide heath,
'Twas dreadful but to see !

Again I bore him from the ground,
While deeply he did sigh ;
Then bow'd his head, and sadly said,
" But wait, I soon shall die."

He ground his teeth, it was not rage,
But that deep writhing pain
That chill'd and froze his stagnant blood ;
Then came the cramp again.

Alone ! alone, we were alone,
 None others could you see ;
 Alone upon a wild wide heath,
 A dying man with me.

* * * * *

Two dreary miles, two dreary miles,
 As yet we had but come ;
 And four more we must traverse o'er
 Before we reach his home.

" And dost thou think, thou dying man,
 With eyes so ghastly wild,
 That thou shalt see thy waiting wife,
 Or kiss thy list'ning child ?

" Ah, no ! ah, no ! thou dying man,
 Death's near—it cannot be ;
 Thou shalt not kiss thy listening child,
 Nor yet thy dear wife see.

" Thy mother in yon village lives,
 That from us yet doth lie
 A dreary mile ; she knoweth not
 Thou'rt coming there to die."

Tramp, tramp, on, on, away went we
 Thro' fern and piercing gorse ;
 We crush'd the broom beneath our feet,
 And trampled deep the moss.

" Cheer up," said I, " and cross this stile ;"
 Said he, " I'm short of breath :"
 We paus'd—I held him in my arms,
 He seem'd to conquer death.

We left that heath o'er which at morn
 We had so blithely stray'd :
 But where were now the sun and flowers,
 And fish that gladly play'd ?

And where were those sweet-singing birds ?
 Alas ! they all had gone
 To slumber on the leafy boughs:
 Alone we journey'd on.

And does thy wife yet wait on thee ?
 Alas, thou canst not come !
 Thy child asks where thou art in vain ?
 Thou canst not reach thy home.

And o'er that stile I lifted him,
 There was no help at hand,
 And bore him on far up that lane,
 Ah, me ! he could not stand.

" I feel a thirst, there is a brook,
 I see it shining clear ;"
 It was the rain shone on the grass,
 Alas ! no brook was there.

"On, on," said "I, thy mother's home
Is but a little way ;
I see the distant village spire,
Dim in the moonlight gray."
Ah me ! it was a rugged road
As ever man did see ;
Sometimes he mutter'd, " wife and child !"
And then prayed fervently.
Again he cried, " The cramp, the cramp !"
Then fell amid those stones ;
And as he lay stretch'd out in pain,
O ! dreadful were his groans.
The hooting owl raised her dread voice,
The bat wheel'd round his head ;
The chilling notes came on his ear
Like voices from the dead.
The night-wind murmur'd thro' the trees,
The bended boughs did sigh ;
And as he lay, they seem'd to say
We've come to see him die.
A mournful voice was in the brook,
As slow it roll'd along,
And gurgled through the shadowy banks,
With sad funereal song.
I saw his life was ebbing fast,
Ah, me ! he could not walk ;
In silent wo we journey'd on,
Our minds too sad to talk.
And now I bore him in my arms,
Big drops oozed from my brow ;
I bore him onward till I felt
My knees with weakness bow.
His writhing frame was dark and cold,
And droop'd his aching head ;
He laid as coldly in my arms
As does the silent dead.
At length I reach'd his mother's cot,
And cross'd that garden green,
Where oft in childhood he had play'd
But would no more be seen.
And in that garden doubtless stood
Trees which his hands had rear'd,
And flowers he oft had gaz'd upon,
But would no more, I fear'd.
I laid him on his mother's couch,
She weeping stood beside ;
He turn'd on me his sunken eyes ;
And gazing on me—died.

Ah, woe is me! three dreary miles
 I must ere day-break go;
 Alone, alone, and all alone,
 My heart was fill'd with woe.

The heath, the lane, the dying man,
 Alone swam in my head!
 I saw his eyes still glare on me,
 Although I knew him dead.

I wander'd up the forest-hill—
 A race had been that day;
 I saw the lights gleam in white booths,
 Which in the moonshine lay.

Ah, me! I heard the laugh and song,
 And pensive shook my head;
 Sing on, thought I, ye have not been,
 Like me, to 'tend the dead.

As on I went, I thought awhile
 Of tidings I must bear
 To that lone widow, who for him
 Would let fall many a tear.

Ah, me! thought I, and thou wilt up,
 Like bird from bosky-bourn,
 And gladly open wide thy door,
 To welcome his return.

And yet I must the sad news tell—
 My heart was beating sore;
 And, O, my hand struck tremblingly
 The panels of that door.

What could it mean?—all still within—
 Loudly I knock'd again;
 A woman from a window look'd,
 And cried, "You knock in vain."

"You knock in vain!" What did she mean?
 I stood in the moonlight.
 "You knock in vain, there's no one there—
 That woman died last night."

Pensive I leant against the wall;
 O, what a sound—a thrill
 Ran through my heart!—my trembling limbs
 Were cold, my blood ran chill!

"Has not her husband come?" said she;
 The tears gush'd from my eyes:
 "Ah, no!" said I, "he'll come no more,
 For he is dead likewise."

"Good God!" she cried—the window clos'd,
 But no more sleep had she;
 I heard her husband say, "Good God!"
 There was no soul with me.

And Death had all things clear'd away,
 All fears how I should tell
 My tidings in the softest way,
 And what to him befell.

And where was my long studied tale,
 Which I to tell felt fear?
 Had Death, to save a broken heart,
 Hurl'd his cold arrow there?

All pensively I sought my couch,
 But, ah! no rest could find;
 The heath, the moon, and dying man
 Alone absorb'd my mind;

For still I saw his clenched hands,
 His moon-lit ghastly eyes;
 His grinding teeth, and black dry lips—
 Ah, me! it call'd forth sighs.

In sleep I bore him in my arms,
 Or saw his visage grim;
 Or knelt amid that piercing furze
 To rub the cold cramp'd limb.

In sleep I heard his piercing groans
 Sound o'er that heath so damp;
 Or fancied ringing through my ears,
 The dying man's lone tramp!

Alone—alone—I've been alone,
 Where no house you could see;
 Alone, upon a wide wild heath,
 A dying man with me.

T. M.

THE WIVES OF THE CÆSARS.

"Paulatim deinde ad Superos Astræa recessit
 Hac comite, atq. duæ pariter fugere sorores."

JUVENAL, *Sat.* 6.

Cossutia.—*Cornelia.*—*Pompeia.*—*Calpurnia.*

WHILE the Roman republic retained the austere and frugal manners essential to its liberty, the domestic virtues of its females were the honourable sources of their personal celebrity. In the youth of the aspiring commonwealth, it was rather the effect of primitive antonomy, than that of law or regulation, that the females were excluded from all concern or influence in state affairs, and destined to the cares and occupations of domestic life. Tradition had, however, transmitted from the earlier times of the "immortal city" examples of the chastity and courage of its females; and the memorable virtue

of Lucretia,* Clælia, and the vestal Claudia, continued long to animate the generous emulation of the Roman ladies. Fame was a laudable solicitude; honourable alike and advantageous to the bold yet simple genius of a rising people; it was, accordingly, the inspiring love of glory which impressed the early ages of the commonwealth with that distinctive character of lofty pride which we shall seek in vain in the declining periods of the empire. Emulation was the mighty source of Roman grandeur; but, if a laudable ambition was the secret spring and common parent of the pristine virtues of the Roman state, the guilty objects of that passion, in the latter ages of its history, were as infallibly the causes of its fall. The extent of conquest, and the consequent exuberance of wealth and foreign luxury, destroyed a fabric raised in poverty and warfare. Nor did the infection first assail the *limits* of the Roman domination; the corruption rankled at the core, and spread to the extremities; for the greatness of its power was yet discernible in the remotest regions of the empire, when the certain principle of ruin was visible at home.—The oppressive usurpations of the first triumvirate had raised a multitude of selfish passions, inimical to the common welfare of the empire; and the open rupture of its chiefsac hieved the consummation of the

* The indignant spirit of Lucretia disdained a life which Tarquin had forcibly despoiled of its matronal purity. “Vos inquit videritis, quid illi debeatur; ego me, etsi peccato absolvo, supplicio non libero. Nec ulla deinde impudica Lucretiæ exemplo vivet. Cultrum, quem sub veste additum pabebat, eum in corde defigit: prolapsa que in vulnus moribunda cecidit.”—*Liv.* l. 1, c. 58. The noble virgin Clælia, the daughter of Poplicola the consul, was a hostage in the camp of king Porsenna. Fortune favoured her escape; she deceived the watch of the Etrurian army, and at the head of a band of virgins swam the Tiber, amidst the javelins of the pursuing enemy. The king’s ambassadors reclaimed the leader of the daring enterprize, and Clælia was accordingly restored; but Porsenna, admiring her intrepid character, permitted her to choose a certain number of the Roman hostages, and generously dismissed them, with Clælia at their head, in freedom to their country. The heroine’s election proclaimed the sensibility and prudence of a virgin. The wise republic, studious to inspire the imitation of such exemplary virtue, commemorated the *novelty* of her glorious actions by a *novelty* devoted to their renown. “Productis omnibus, elegisse impubes dicitur; quod et virginitati decorum, et consensu obsidum ipsorum probabile erat, eam ætatem potissimum liberari ab hoste, quæ maxime opportuna injuriæ esset. Pace redintegrata, Romani novam in fœmina virtutem novo genere honoris, statua equestri, donavere. In summa Sacra via fuit posita virgo insidens equo.”—*Liv.* l. 2. c. 13. The preceding facts are credible of any age or country where the austerity of virtue was sacred; or where, as Livy tells us, “ergo ita honorata virtute, fœminæ quoque ad publica decora excitatæ” (l. ii. c. 13), the females were affected by incentives of renown. But the fame of Claudia, reposing on a miracle, may challenge our mistrust. “Annibale Italiam devastante, ex responso librorum Sibyllinorum, mater Deûm e Pessinunte arcessita: cum adverso Tiberi veheretur, repente in alto stetit; et cum moveri nullis viribus posset, ex libris cognitum, castissimæ demum felinæ manu moveri posse. Tum Claudia, virgo vestalis, falso incestus suspecta, Deam oravit, ut si pudicam sciret, sequeretur: et zona imposita navem movit.”—*Sez. Aur. Victor de Vir. Illust.* 46. The solemnity with which the marvel is recorded is amusing; yet a miraculous tradition, at once attesting the prophetic verity of the Sibylline books and vindicating virtue by celestial agency, was a pious fable, neither unimportant to the popular system of belief, nor irrational, as it disclosed by means divine the innocence which human slander or suspicion had impeached, and the sacred sanction of a Deity had wondrously confirmed.

national calamity. The republic still was teeming with the sanguinary instruments of Sylla, Marius, and Cinna; a desperate and odious multitude, inured to the depravity, and stained with all the crimes of the proscriptions. By such a mass of unemployed iniquity the recurrence of domestic discord was looked on as the advent of licentious outrage, violence, and spoliation; every criminal appetite was to be indulged by the purveyance of the sword. An avenue was opened to the dissolute rapacity of a redundant and demoralized capital which revelled in the vice of sensuality, and spurned at once the impotence of law and the annihilated bonds of honour, order, and religion. The aristocracy had meanly tampered first, and afterwards had taken the more fatal step of fleeing from the bold usurper of supreme authority; the subtle policy of Cæsar debased the reputation and neutralized the power of the patrician order,* while his persuasive eloquence, and the superior lustre of his military fame, united with the prompt decision of his measures, attached the bold and reckless to his fortunes. Venality, encouraged by the leaders of the hostile parties, was recompensed with prodigality; patriotism was sacrificed to faction. All was changed; depravity became the standard of the Roman character; and, in such a state of wide abandonment, the virtues of the Roman matron perished with the piety and morals of the citizens.

It was at such a season of prevailing profligacy that the influence of the Roman females was brought into extended operation on the system of society; and, unfortunately for their character, it is drawn from previous seclusion but to strike us with examples of ambition, cruelty, and prostitution. It is true that there occasionally breaks on us an isolated instance of chastity or heroism; but so dissociated is it from the vulgar prevalence of vice, that it more forcibly illustrates by its contrast the gross degeneracy which surrounds it. Well might the indignant satirist† of later times advert to the pudicity and frugal virtues of the sylvan reign of Saturn and the youthful Jove: well might he, when he looked upon the sensual usage of his day, indulge in fancies of that rural modesty and peace, when the caverns of the wilderness afforded homes and temples to an unsophisticated race; when a wife, the hardy native of the mountains, spread with rushes, leaves, and skins of beasts her husband's bed. Striking as the contrast is between a state of such primæval purity and hardihood, and the abandoned manners of the time in which he lived, it transcends but little, if at all, the comparison a moralist may draw between the toils and strict economy of infant Rome, and that

* "Senatum supplevit (Cæsar) patricos adlegit; prætorum, ædilium, quæstorum, minorum etiam magistratuum numerum ampliavit; nudatos opere censorio, aut sententia judicium de ambitu condemnatos, restituit."—*Sueton. in Jul. Cæs.*

† "Cum frigida parvas
Præberet spelunca domos, ignemq. Laremq.,
Et pecus, et dominos communi clauderet umbra;
Silvestrem montana torum cum sterneret uxor
Frondebis, et culmo, vicinarumque ferarum
Pellibus."

JUV. Sat. 6.

voluptuous and costly luxury which originated with the Cæsars, and carried its destructive influence through the declining ages of the empire.

The early Roman people were alternately employed in husbandry and warfare—pursuits which equally conduced to individual vigour, abstinence and independence: and so exclusively devoted were this wise and simple people to the tillage of the soil, and the contingent perils of the camp, that five hundred years elapsed before the dawn of foreign arts on its austere and grave community.* The continent and sober morals of the men were faithfully reflected in the modest virtues of their wives and daughters. The duties of the wife and mother were the studies of the Roman matron; ignorant of artificial or refined amusement, her occupations centred in familiar offices alone; her pleasures were the pleasures of utility; her glory was to give a race of labourers and soldiers to the state. Her very recreations were essentially domestic. The spindle, web, and loom, and the garment of the thrifty conqueror, by turns the tiller and defender of his native soil, was invariably the produce of his wife, his daughters, and the maidens of his household.

With what a wise concern the rude but politic Romans strove to cherish and perpetuate the native manners of their rising state, is variously attested by their institutions; by an austere and lasting tutelage, the magisterial censorship, tribunals of domestic law, provisions touching dowry, and sumptuary regulations on points of luxury and decoration; all directly levelled at the maintenance of feminine decorum and simplicity. Besides, they had their temples dedicated to a goddess who presided over modesty and the peace of married life; a divinity whose worship could propitiate the affection and fidelity of husbands. The senate dignified, by its decrees, the females who had served the state; as in the instance of the wife and mother of Coriolanus, who prevailed upon a son and husband, who had spurned the power of the fathers and the prayers of the priesthood.† Rome was ransomed by the females of the city from the spoliation

* The pleasures of imagination, taste, and luxury were foreign to the early Romans, who avoided till the later periods of the commonwealth the open system of concubinage which they afterwards obtained. Their effect on the Athenians, with whom, notwithstanding, the purity of wives was held in sacred reverence, is thus described by M. Thomas, in his eloquent, generous, acute, and learned *Essai sur les Femmes*. “Enfin les lois et les institutions publiques, en autorisant la rétraite des femmes, mettaient au grand prix à la sainteté des mariages; mais dans Athènes, l’imagination, le luxe, le goût des arts et des plaisirs étaient en contradiction avec les lois. Les courtisanes venaient donc, pour ainsi dire, au secours des mœurs. Le vice répandu hors des familles ne révoltait pas; le vice intérieur, et qui troublait la paix des maisons, était un crime. Par une bizarrerie étrange et peut-être unique, les hommes étaient corrompus, et les mœurs domestiques, austères. Il semble que les courtisanes n’étaient point regardées comme de leur sexe; et par une convention, à laquelle les lois et les mœurs se pliaient, tandis qu’on n’estimait les autres femmes que par les vertus, on n’estimait celles là que par les agréments.

† “Cumque nullis civium legationibus flecteretur, à Veturia matre, el Volumina uxore matronarum numero comitatis, motus. . . . ibi templum Fortunæ muliebri constitutum est.”—*Sex Aur. Victor. de Vir Illust.* 19. The commentator adds, “Senatus populusque decrevere; quia e mulieribus salus urbi fuerat.”

and ferocity of Brennus;* subsequently to the massacre of Cannæ,† the same exalted spirit of a female achieved a service to the commonwealth, commemorated and requited, at the same time, by the solemn gratitude of senatorial decree. Such, indeed, was the effect of moral habit in the women of the rising state, that the penal sanctions of domestic law were obsolete; the power of life and death existed in the husband; yet the matron in her household exercised unlimited authority; the legal option of divorce, adapted to the manners of a dissolute community, was utterly repudiated by the continence and virtue of an undebauched society; and the ascendant of the Roman females privately yet forcibly prevailed, till the restraints and safeguards of seclusion were removed, when the free communion of the sexes introduced facilities of evil, and was gradually fatal to the common chastity. In the progress of refinement, the distribution of domestic offices effected an important alteration in the manners of the Roman females; the previous occupations of the matron devolved upon the members of a menial establishment; and the wives and daughters of the wealthier citizens, engrossed no longer by the thrifty duties of a simple household, sought, in the pleasures of external commerce, the recreations and amusements of a rank exempted from the meaner business of life. The inequality of ranks, the exorbitance of private fortunes, and the ridicule—in such a state of full-blown luxury—attached to primitive frugality, conduced to that consummate state of dissolute profusion which rose and grew with the dominion of the Cæsars. But that which chiefly hastened the corruption of all orders of the state, and more especially the depravation of the Roman females, was their passion for the splendours of the theatre, and the consequent rivalry that raged among them for pre-eminence in public retinue, in brilliance of costume, and all the like various accessaries of venal and ambitious beauty. The public spectacles were thronged by audiences of gross licentiousness and open infamy. The Roman wives unblushingly contested the possession of a player and gloated on the prurient gestures of a lusty mime. Enormous patrimonies were lewdly lavished on a player on the flute, whose hireling vigour was suborned to furnish heirs to the descendants of the Scipios and Æmilii; and such was the fecundity arising from this shameful commerce, that the criminal causes of abortion were a common study. The languor of exhausted passion was stimulated by expedients of Asiatic usage; eunuchs soon became the instruments and ministers of odious enjoyment; and a vitiated appetite, the consequence of foul excess, luxuriated in varieties of sensual invention. The vice of the community surpassed the powers and influence of laws.

* “Mille pondo auri pretium populi gentibus mox imperaturi factum. Rei, fœdissimæ per se, adjecta indignitas est. Pondera ab Gallis allata iniqua, et tribuno recusante, additus ab insolente Gallo ponderi gladius; auditaque intoleranda Romanis vox, ‘Vae victis esse.’ * * * Matronis gratiæ actæ, honosque additus, ut earum, sicut virorum, post mortem solennis laudatio esset.”—*Liv.* l. 5. c. 50.

† Eos, qui canusium perfugerant, mulier Apula, nomine Busa, genere clara ac divitiis, mœnibus, tantum tectisque acceptos, frumento, veste, viatico etiam juvit; pro qua ei munificentia postea, bello perfecto, ab senatu honores habitus sunt.”—*Liv.* l. 22. c. 52.

When Septimius Severus, with the designs of a reformer, succeeded to the empire, he was daunted in his salutary projects by three thousand cases of adultery inscribed upon the rolls of criminal impeachment.—To this depraved condition were the morals of the Roman females rapidly advancing, immediately anterior to the dictatorship of Cæsar ; a change, indeed, from that austere simplicity, when the elder Cato struck from the list of senators the man who had invaded modesty so far as to kiss his wife in presence of his daughter.

Julius Cæsar had four wives. We know but little of the first of them, Cossutia, who was rich and of equestrian family. Cæsar was affianced to her in his boyhood, when predilection had but little part, on either side, with the alliance. Accordingly he repudiated her before cohabitation, and espoused Cornelia, Cinna's daughter. By this connection Cæsar made himself obnoxious to the power and enmity of Sylla, whose ascendant, at the moment, was of paramount authority in Rome. As he was the mortal enemy of Cinna, he neglected neither menace nor persuasion to dissolve an union so repugnant to his politics and personal objections. But Cæsar, independently of the inflexible spirit which strengthened his persistence, had been educated by his aunt,* the wife of Marius, and had consequently the additional incentive of party hatred to confirm him in a step, at once evincing his affection for Cornelia, and his resolute devotion to the Marian cause. Besides, if neither pride nor conjugal fidelity had influenced his conduct, the power of Cinna was extensive ; and his character † was too emphatically known, by its vindictive violence, for Cæsar to imagine he would calmly acquiesce in the dishonour of his daughter.‡ His resolute demeanour was, however, visited by Sylla with extreme severity. He deprived him of the priesthood, of his own and of his wife's estate ; annulled his right of family succession ; and would probably have carried his resentment to the last extremity, but for the momentous crisis of his fortune, which led him to postpone the punishment of Cæsar's contumacy, to the prosecution of more comprehensive measures, and the ruin of more formidable adversaries. The vestal virgins, too, had joined their supplications with certain of the most distinguished citizens of Rome in behalf of the unyielding Cæsar ; and Sylla was accordingly content to yield a cold concession to the prayers, which it was impolitic, perhaps, and even dangerous to deny. At the same time, his penetrating mind foresaw the future grandeur of his enemy, and foretold the evils he would one day bring on the republic ; and though he

* *Educatus luim Cæsar apud Aureliam matrem, C. Cottæ filiam, et Juliam amitam, Marii conjugem. Unde illi, patricio, amor plebeïæ factionis, quæ Mariana dicta, et odium Syllanæ, quæ ab optimatibus erat. Comm. Bern. in Sueton.*

† “ Lucius Cornelius Cinna flagitiosissimus, Rempub. summa crudelitate vastavit.”—*S. Aur. Victor. de Vir. Illust.* 69. “ Cinna, seditione orta, ub exercitu interemtus est, vir dignior, qui arbitrio victorum moreretur, quam iracundia militum ; de quo vere dici potest, ausum eum, quæ nemo, auderet bonus, perfecisse, quæ a nullo, nisi fortissimo, perfici possent, et fuisse cum in consulando temerarium in exequendo virum.”—*Vell. Patere.* 1, 2. c. 24.

‡ “ Neque ut repudiaret a Dictatore Sylla ullo modo potuit. Quare et sacerdotio, et uxoris dote, et gentilitiis hæreditatibus multatus, diversarium partium habebatur.”—*Sueton. in Jul. Cæs.*

acquiesced, to all appearance, in the wishes of his partisans, he neglected not to waken their suspicions; for, defending, upon public principles, the project he abandoned, at the instances of private intercession, he emphatically told his partisans, that "*there were many Mariuses in the person of the youthful Cæsar.*" Cornelia died as Cæsar was about to leave the capital, to take on him the duties of a quæstorship in Spain. He deeply felt the loss of this exalted female, whose spirit was adapted to the peril of the times; and, though hitherto the honour of a public eulogy had been restricted to the funerals of aged women, Cæsar delivered from the tribune* an oration on Cornelia, who had perished in the prime of life. Such was the impressive sorrow and devotion which pervaded his address, that the Roman populace retreated from the forum in perfect admiration of his chaste and animated eloquence, which formed at once the eulogy and lamentation of a wife, so justly honoured and so tenderly beloved. Cornelia left a daughter, Julia, the future wife of Pompey.

If the affectionate fidelity of Cornelia endeared her memory to Cæsar, it was poignantly impressed on his remembrance by the character of Pompeia, his succeeding wife. She was the daughter of Q. Pompeius Rufus, and the niece of Sylla; remarkable alike for beauty, gaiety, and the susceptibility of her complexion. It is probable that her connexion with Cæsar was rather the result of a political arrangement than that of passion or esteem; her affection or her fancy was engrossed by Publius Clodius, a Roman of illustrious family, ascending in antiquity above the origin of Rome itself. He was in the flower of life; opulent, profuse, and brave; possessing some attractive graces of the mind, a lively and satiric wit and an ingratiating and polite address. He was a person of ungovernable passions, prone to turbulence and even peril; remorseless in his enmities, and utterly indifferent to reputation. His countenance, though eminently handsome, was expressive of his character, and combined with an intrepid air, the profligacy of a reckless libertine. Such was his contempt of censure† and opi-

* The tribune from which Cæsar spoke his funeral oration on Cornelia, was destined to commemorate the mutual cruelty and triumph of prevailing parties. It was stained by turns with the illustrious blood of either faction, in the days of the proscriptions and triumvirates. Beyond the satisfaction of a sanguinary vengeance, these horrible examples were designed to awe the Roman populace. The heads of the decapitated chiefs, the trophies of a stern ferocity, were exultingly exhibited to the disgust and terror of the wondering people. It was here that Marius exposed the head of Mark Anthony, the grandfather of the triumvir—an orator, who once had graced the self-same rostrum with triumphal spoils. Sylla had similarly stained it with the blood of the younger Marius; and Mark Anthony, the triumvir, with greater infamy displayed upon that tribune, sanctified by eloquence and patriotism, the head and hand of Cicero.

† "Qui non pluris fecerat Bonam Deam, quam tres sorores, impunitatem est eorum sententiis assecutus, qui cum tribunus plebis (Milo) pœnas a seditioso cive perbonos viros iudicio persequi vellet, exemplum præclarissimum in posterum vindicandæ seditionis de Repub. sustulerunt."—*M. T. C. P. Lentulo Imp. Epist.* l. 1. A long, an eloquent, but an elaborate epistle from Cicero to Lentulus, which, while it exhibits the doctrine of political flexibility, a judicious view of the respective strength of parties, and a vivid sense of personal insecurity, displays the writer as a temporizing master of expedients; in which sincerity, patriotism and courage are postponed to objects of individual advantage.

nion, that his incestuous commerce with his sisters was a fact of vulgar notoriety in Rome; which, far from striving to conceal, he vaunted in convivial moments to his dissolute associates. In the prosecution of his objects, he had openly defied the magistracy and the laws; he was lavish of remuneration to his creatures, and a prodigal corrupter of authority, where money could prevail above the sense of duty, equity, and honour. A disposition of such outrageous profligacy, sustained by the appliances of rank and ample fortune, was cherished and confirmed by the examples of surrounding vice; and the natural audacity of Clodius, who never shrunk from the indulgence of such appetites as gold or daring criminality could gratify, impelled him to the enterprise on Cæsar's wife, Pompeia; who, apparently, was favourable to his passion, and shared the infamy and peril of its satisfaction.

The character and person of the sanguine Clodius were calculated to prevail upon the temper of Pompeia. He urged his suit, accordingly, with gradual success; and his eventual triumph was but delayed by the vigilant suspicions of Aurelia, Cæsar's mother. The increasing inclination of Pompeia had not eluded the perception of that austere and virtuous matron; who continued, upon all occasions, to accompany Pompeia, as a safeguard, to the uniform frustration of the successive schemes of Clodius. Aurelia was, however, ultimately overreached by the devices of Pompeia, and by the participation of her lover, in a plan, involving such unprecedented rashness and impiety, that no suspicion of a mind acquainted with the merely common passages of guilt could have been directed to a stratagem so doubtful of success, so daring and improbable.

On the annual sacrifice to Fauna, the *Bona Dea* of the Romans, for the safety of the people, the mysteries of the divinity were held in the mansion of a consul, if in Rome; and, in the absence of that dignitary, in the dwelling of a prætor. The chastity of the goddess was so tenaciously respected, that not only all men whatever were excluded from the scene of worship, but the male ancestral statues of the house were veiled from the inspection of her devotees. Whatever was expressive of the sexual intercourse was rigidly prohibited in these nocturnal adorations; the women who were present at the sacred ceremony were clothed in garments of the purest white, and the ornament of myrtle even was expressly interdicted, from its being sacred to the deity of love and beauty. The wife or mother of the consul or the prætor, assisted by the vestal virgins, presided over these solemnities. On this occasion the mysteries of Fauna were performed in Cæsar's house; and the peril of the enterprise augmented, rather than decreased, the desperate temerity of Clodius. Pompeia would appear in the religious company in all the splendour of her beauty; Aurelia's vigilance would be defeated, and, in defiance of the sacred mysteries, an opportunity so favourable to the hopes of Clodius inspired the ungovernable lover with the resolution to profane them.

The arrangement for their meeting was concluded through the medium of Abra,* a confidential female servant of Pompeia, whom

* She is called *Abra* by Plutarch, in his life of Cæsar and Cicero. Cicero, on the other hand, calls her *Seprulla*. "P. Clodium, Appi F. credo te audisse, cum

Clodius had engaged by liberal donations, to aid him in the difficult and impious enterprise. The lover was to enter Cæsar's house, in feminine attire, among the crowd of females; the soft and youthful features of the disguised adventurer were not at variance with his assumed costume; and the darkness of the hour and vestibule were favourable to his concealment. The hour of the sacrifice arrived; and Clodius trusted boldly to his fortune. Abra was punctually ready to receive him; she led him to the chamber and having left him there, proceeded instantly to seek Pompeia, and to intimate the safe arrival and attendance of her lover. But Abra, when in quest of her, was met by Cæsar's mother, who detained her in some occupation for a time beneath her personal direction. The patience of Clodius was exhausted; he began to fancy various causes of Pompeia's absence and delay; his natural impetuosity was stung by disappointment; and, without adverting to the chances of discovery, he rushed from Abra's room, and hurried indiscriminately through the chambers of the mansion. Clodius, by this mad precipitation, utterly confounded all Pompeia's well-digested plans; his anxiety and rage were so apparent, that his dress no longer saved him from suspicion; he shunned the lights; avoided those he met; and, as he constantly concealed his face, the singularity of his demeanour raised the curiosity of those who witnessed it. A servant of the household having found him in some obscure recess—agitated, as it seemed, and shunning observation—asked him, “who *she* was, and what *she* sought?” The promptness of the interrogatory so disconcerted Clodius, that, for a time, his tongue refused its office. When at length he answered, that he “looked for Abra,” his embarrassed countenance and masculine voice belied his habit and revealed his sex; the terrified attendant instantly proclaimed the presence of a man and the violation of the mysteries; and consternation seized the whole assembly. Abra, amidst the general confusion, used her utmost efforts to recover Clodius, whom at length she found, and hid a second time in her apartment. The sacrifice was, notwithstanding, interrupted—the ceremonies were suspended. Pompeia, who foresaw the unavoidable exposure which awaited her, was pale and tremulous. Her eye wandered—her speech faltered, and her whole deportment manifested trouble and dismay. Aurelia ordered the immediate closure of the doors, and, flambeaux being brought by her command, proceeded with a company of matrons to a strict investigation of the various apartments. Clodius, attired as has been stated, was found in that of Abra, and ordered to depart. On the ensuing morning, the criminal audacity of Clodius became the topic of discourse through Rome; and Pompeia, whose illicit prepossessions had been long suspected, was generally mentioned as the paramour, by whose contrivances the daring youth had been admitted to indulge a mutual passion, and defile the mysteries of Fauna. Cæsar readily perceived, by all the features of the case, that his wife was privy to the enterprise, and calmly visited her infidelity with repudiation.

veste muliebri deprehensum domi C. Cæsaris, cum pro populo fieret, cumque per manus seprullæ servatum.—*Cic. Attico Epl. I. 12.*

M. M. No. 98.

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A tribune of the people instituted the impeachment of the impious offender; and Clodius was accordingly cited to be heard in his defence. He assumed a fearless air, and strenuously denying all the facts alleged against him, offered to demonstrate by sufficient evidence his absence from the city throughout the day and night on which the sacrifice to Fauna was performed. But this decisive impudence was unavailing, as many credible witnesses appeared to controvert the falsehood of his declarations; and the testimony of Cicero, who deposed to Clodius's consulting him in Rome upon the very day of asserted absence, was fatal to the credulity of the accused himself, as well as to the mass of venal evidence by which he was prepared to meet the formal imputations of his crime. This unexpected deposition on the part of Cicero, struck Clodius with amazement. In the tumultuous dangers of the Cataline conspiracy,* Clodius had accompanied the Consul on every perilous occasion: he had visited the insults shown to Cicero with the resentment of a friend, participating their disgrace; and, in many instances of factious violence, the person of the orator was saved by his intrepid zeal. These, indeed, were services which might at least have stayed a voluntary accusation on the part of Cicero; his defection, for the moment, covered Clodius with astonishment, but in the sequel filled him with that implacable abhorrence which subsequently drove him to the exile of Dyrrachium.† In behalf of Cicero, it has been said that he was urged to that ungracious measure by his wife Terentia;‡ a woman of imperious temper, who had long conceived a jealousy of Clodia, the sister of the accused. She was a lady of distinguished charms, and entertained the warmest admiration of the Roman orator. Her passion was clandestinely imparted to him through the medium of one Tullas, at once the intimate associate of Cicero and Clodius. As it was obvious Clodia's wishes could be accomplished but by the repudiation of Terentia, the latter eagerly embraced an opportunity, by which the growing fondness of her rival might be checked, and the familiar, intercourse of both their houses might be converted into open animosity. The present crisis seemed to offer the occasion she required; and, as her influence on Cicero was boundless, she impelled him to a step which, as it seemed gratuitous, might fairly be denounced by Clodius as an act of palpable ingratitude.

No sooner was the accusation against Clodius set on foot, than the difficulty of his situation was augmented by accumulated imputations, several specifying acts of infamy or outrage, sufficiently indicative of his depravity. But the æra of the commonwealth was come when authority no longer rested on the justice of administration. The

* Plutarch in vita Ciceron.

† Alluding to the rupture of Cicero and Clodius, Paternulus significantly asks, "Quid enim inter tam dissimiles amicum esse poterat?" He then relates the measure carried by Clodius as a tribune of the people; and implies that Cæsar and Pompey, if not declared abettors of the banishment of Cicero, at least connived at his oppression. "Ita vir optime meritis de Repub. conservatæ patriæ pretium calamitatum exilii tulit. Non caruerunt suspicione oppressi Ciceronis Cæsar et Pompeius."—*Vel. Patern.* l. ii. c. 45.

‡ Plutarch in vita Ciceron.

noble ascendant of the patrician order had gradually declined among the crimes and low impurities of faction, the tribunals were polluted with venality; the laws were impotent or feeble; and as the safeguard of the state, the splendid power of the patricians, waned, the brutal spirit of democracy had risen into terrible and reckless despotism. Clodius, by flattering the basest passions of the populace, had kindled such seditious fires in Rome, that the degenerate Senate feared to stir the embers of the dying conflagration; and the judges were reduced to the expedient of sparing an offender's guilt beneath the ambiguities of an extorted absolution.

The relatives and friends of Cæsar were observed to take considerable interest in these proceedings. He, on the contrary, maintained a calm composure. Already well informed of the complexion of Pompeia, he was far from thinking her intrigue with Clodius the only error of her prurient disposition. When interrogated as a witness on the case, his answers were devoid of inculcation and reproach; and when the accuser asked him, "Why he had repudiated Pompeia?" he replied with dignity, "Because the wife of Cæsar should be as free from suspicion as from guilt."*

Shortly after the repudiation of Pompeia, Cæsar became the husband of Calpurnia, the daughter of Lucius Piso, whom he had eminently served in his solicitation of the consulate. The political results of this alliance were reprobated with severity by Cato,† who obtested the immortal gods to witness the prostration of the commonwealth to an insidious traffic of connexion, by which the offices and dignities of state were shamefully obtained. But Cæsar, in his election of Calpurnia, had aimed at the possession of a female endued with all the virtues of a better age, and ornamented, at the same time, with the graces and acquirements of refinement. The beauty of Calpurnia was her least distinction. Her origin was lineally traced to the pious, wise, and philosophic Numa, the second king of Rome; and the genuine virtues of the peaceful monarch were splendidly revived in his remote and amiable descendant. To a mind of native strength and vast expansion, she added the advantage of a pure and cultivated eloquence, surpassed by that of few of the distinguished orators of ancient times. These inherent qualities were joined with a reserved and simple majesty, with the commanding charms of purity and beauty, and conspired to form a personage whom Cæsar duly revered and loved. Nor did the character of Cæsar assert a less direct ascendant on Calpurnia's mind. She beheld in it a combination of exalted passions, co-operating in subservience to the love of fame. The passages of Cæsar's life, in boyhood even, were dignified by heroism. His conjugal alliances had proved him mindful of his glory and sensible to female worth. His repudiation of Cossutia, at the sacrifice of wealth, was the effect of justice to her merits; he had left a memorable example of a husband's tenderness throughout his union with Cornelia; he had visited the frailty of Pompeia with the simple mea-

* Plutarch in vita Cæsar.

† "Nec immerito, frustra licet, vociferatus tum Cato, rem intolerandum esse, 'nuptiarum lenociniis imperia Vendi et Rempubicam prodi.'"—*Comm. Bern. in Sueton.*

sure of divorce ; and where an ordinary spirit would have used the means of legal persecution, Cæsar had displayed the noble lenity of pity and forbearance. His demeanour had been marked throughout with magnanimity. When Rome was crouching fearfully beneath the power of Sylla, and the emissaries of his wrath were stealthily employed in quest of even latent enmities, the intrepid Cæsar had produced upon the tribune—in his funeral oration on his aunt and wife—the images of Marius, who, with his adherents, had been proclaimed a public enemy to Rome. He had skilfully discharged the duties of his various gradations, as a quæstor, as a prætor, as an ædile, when monuments of his munificence and taste were visible throughout the city. All the actions of his life were fraught with an aspiring genius. Calpurnia dwelt with admiration on his energy, when he replied to the benediction of his mother, as he left her to solicit the pontificate—"This day, my mother, thou shalt see thy son the pontiff, or an exile." His glory was associated with the military fame and senatorial * eloquence of Rome. His victories, external or domestic, were adorned with clemency. Taste and refinement were conspicuous in his pursuits; he was a philosopher and scholar, a triumphant advocate in senates, an invincible leader in the field. If glory was the object of a woman's passion, the allurements could have nowhere shone with such resplendence as in Cæsar ; and if the meaner passions of the temperament prevailed, his expressive countenance, commanding stature, and symmetrical proportions presented an unusual conformation of comeliness and manly beauty. Through Cæsar's rapid progress to consummate rule, the increase of his fame, and the submissive acquiescence of the people in his power, affected not Calpurnia's equanimity ; and though she shared, to some extent, the eminent distinctions lavished on her husband by indiscriminating flattery, yet the same redundant spirit was profuse of special honours to herself ; and the inventions of servility and adulation were exhausted to extol, by title or devotion, the mortal wife of the "divine usurper." Yet the moderation of Calpurnia was conspicuous in every condition of her fortune ; the splendid elevation of her husband had neither changed her modest affability of manners, nor the wholesome temper of her serene and steadfast mind. But if Cæsar's exaltation had raised her admiration, it also had alarmed her love ; still, apprehensive of his danger, she was studious of his fame ; and though his noble nature little needed such suggestions, Calpurnia fed the flood of his abundant clemency by the generous effusions of her own. She is said to have interceded warmly for Ligarius ; but Cæsar saw an absolute necessity of sacrificing such an adversary, and proceeded to the senate, inexorable to her prayers. The exquisite defence of Cicero disarmed his wrath and caught his generosity ; and when he reached that touching passage of his speech, "*Nihil habet nec fortuna*

* Tacitus comparatively distinguishes the eloquence of Cæsar by its *splendour* : "At strictior Calvus numerosior Asinius, *Splendidi* or Cæsar, amarior Cælius, gravior Brutus, vehementior et plenior et valentior Cicero."—*De Orat.* In the same masterly dialogue he observes : "Concedamus sane C. Cæsari, ut propter magnitudinem cogitationum et occupationes rerum minus eloquentia effecerit, quam divinum ejus ingenium postulabat."—*Id.* Praise, indeed !

tua majus," the dictator dropt the act of condemnation from his grasp. The orator, alive to this emotion, concluded his harangue—Ligarius was acquitted; and Calpurnia thought that momentary triumph of his mercy over justice, the sublimest instant in his great career.

The unostentatious temper of Calpurnia prescribed the even tenor of her life. The successive years of her cohabitation with her husband multiplied the causes of their mutual affection; but no peculiar incident occurred by which Calpurnia's history is varied from a course of systematic quietude and virtue. The well-known prodigy which roused Calpurnia's fears was urged by her on Cæsar as an omen of his fate. In her dream,* she saw the dome upon his house thrown down, and held him, at the same time, in her arms, a mangled corpse. Awakened by the dreadful vision, the doors and windows of her chamber were abruptly opened, by no *apparent* agency. Calpurnia's fears were followed by suspicion; her penetrating mind was led to the interpretation of the suppressed yet labouring earnestness that had for some time marked the countenance of many of the chiefs of Rome. An air of such profound concern imported some momentous enterprise to which her husband was a stranger; and her inference, assisted by precarious yet emphatic hints, anticipated the event which quickly followed. When she intimated her misgivings to her friends, they joined with her in unavailing supplications to her husband to defer his presence at the assembled senate. Cæsar wavered; but the subtle raillery of Decius Brutus fixed him in his first determination.† The paper of Artemidorus, and the admonition of Spurinna, were neglected. In the senate, Cimber gave the sign for slaughter; and three-and-twenty wounds achieved

"The foremost man of all this world."

It would be hazardous, perhaps useless, to arraign a deed which has for ages been the theme of qualified applause; but the murder, or the sacrifice, of Cæsar, in spite of declamation, can never be regarded as an act of patriotism unmixed with odious perfidy, or free from the suggestions of personal malevolence. The parricide of Brutus—for the commerce of Cæsar and Servilia justifies the imputation‡—is indefensible, save on the questionable ground of patriotic impulse. The victor of Pharsalia spared his life, and gave him his protection; he had favoured his advancement; and the prætorate of Brutus, and that of his associate Cassius, were derived from the beneficence and patronage of Cæsar. A philosophic student of the history of Rome will separate the abstract fact of Cæsar's usurpation, from the eminent necessity of some effectual government, by which the fearful anarchy of conflicting factions, and the still

* "Et Calpurnia uxor imaginata est, collabi fastigium domus, maritumque in gremio suo confodi; ac subito cubiculi fores sponte patuerunt,"—*Sueton. in Jul. Cæs.*

† "Libellum que insidiarum indicem, ab obvio quodam porrectum, libellis cæteris quos sinistra manu tenebat, quasi mox lecturus, commiscuit."—*Sueton. in Jul. Cæs.*

‡ "Macrobius (l. 2. c. 2.) has preserved the jest of Cicero, on Cæsar's libertine connexion with Servilia and her daughter Junia Tertia. The latter was the wife of Caius Cassius; the former was the mother of Marcus Brutus.

more terrible assumptions of a vitiated democracy, might be repressed. The disorganized polity of Rome, no longer able to control the turbulence of a seditious generation, was hastening to a state of utter dissolution; the voice of moderation was derided in the tempest of rapacity, vengeance, and ambition; and where the elements of power were casually concentrated, its pernicious strength was wielded by the selfish purpose of pretensions sufficient to sustain distraction, but utterly inadequate to the establishment of permanent tranquillity. In such a state of desperate necessity, Cæsar stood alone. If he descended from his eminence, he sealed his fate. His perceptive mind beheld the prospect of perpetuated discord in a dissolute republic, where liberty was but a name—the spell by which the democratic despotism was inflamed, to the absolute extinction of security and internal peace. The state was daily at the mercy of any popular incendiary who had pandered to the fitful vices of the people, or the rapacious hopes of a licentious soldiery. The polity of ancient commonwealths was ill adapted to *extensive* states in eras of refinement. It is true, their theory developed a fantastic freedom, which involved in all its operations the principle of self-extinction. And certain is it, that the scourge of tyranny was never wielded with such bloody cruelty and insult to its victims, as in those republics of the ancient world where poetry and eloquence conspired to glorify an image incessantly beset by turbulent ambition, and frequently destroyed by popular insanity. Cæsar may have contemplated the condition of his country with a melancholy sense of its necessities, and with a daring resolution to relieve them. He may have stepped above the forms of law in order to restore and to amend it, and have seized a paramount authority with which to quell the morbid discord that incessantly arose among the fractious disputants who clamoured for republican equality. His intrepidity and skill had triumphed over every obstacle; he had disdained the menaces of enmity, and disregarded the suggestions of mistrust.* His great achievements gave him a distinct superiority, to which the multitude were willing to submit; his comprehensive genius was the source of hope and expectation to a people wearied with the rapid alternations of precarious tyranny. His magnanimity had spurned the prosecution of individual enmity, and he appeared, on the assumption of his powers, to have sacrificed the recollection of his adversaries to the propitiating spirit of universal clemency.† He was at once the hero and the statesman; the admiration of the wise and brave; informed by long experience, and fired with the ambition of a fame reposing on the welfare of his country.

* "Subscripsere quidam L. Bruti statuæ 'Utinam viveres.' Item ipsius Cæsaris statuæ: 'Brutus quia Reges ejecit, Consul primus factus est; Hic quia Consules ejecit, Rex postremo factus est.' Inscriptiones hæ admodum fuere loquaces, ni mens Julio Cæsari læva fuisset."—*Christ. Matth. Theat. Hist. C. Jul. Cæs. Imp. Rom. cap. 3.*

† The concurrence of historians on all important points of Cæsar's character, when he had reached the summit of authority, exhibits an unrivalled instance of the purest magnanimity. "Ignoscendo amicis, odia cum armis deposuit; nam Lentulum tantum, et Afranium et Faustum Sullæ filium jussit occidi." Such is the testimony of Aurelius Victor. *de Vir. Illust. 78.* That of Suetonius, who mentions Lucius Cæsar in the place of Lentulus, reduces the ascribed se-

The conspiracy of Brutus was rashly undertaken: he was a man of feeble means. The commonwealth was *not* restored; the murder of "a mild and generous usurper produced a series of civil wars, and the reign of three tyrants, whose union and whose discord were alike fatal to the Roman people."* When Cicero laments to Atticus† the state of Rome, he vividly, yet briefly, gives the history of its distraction and its crimes.

The tragical catastrophe of Cæsar involved Calpurnia in profound and lasting grief. She is said to have pronounced a funeral eulogium on her husband, and to have excited universal tears and admiration by her pathetic eloquence. She afterwards indulged her sorrow in retirement, in the house of Mark Antony, to whom she gave all Cæsar's papers, and the treasures she possessed, with which to prosecute the chiefs of the conspiracy. Her life was an unbroken course of virtue: she was generous, modest, pious, and magnanimous; and her example was worthily transmitted to posterity as the noblest illustration of a Roman matron.

HORATIO SPARKINS.

"INDEED, my love, he paid Teresa very great attention on the last assembly night," said Mrs. Malderton, addressing her spouse, who, after the fatigues of the day in the City, was sitting with a silk handkerchief over his head, and his feet on the fender, drinking his port;—"very great attention; and, I say again, every possible encouragement ought to be given him. He positively must be asked down here to dine."

"Who must?" inquired Mr. Malderton.

"Why, you know who I mean, my dear—the young man with the black whiskers and the white cravat, who has just come out at our assembly, and whom all the girls are talking about. Young——dear me, what's his name?—Marianne, what is his name?" continued Mrs. Malderton, addressing her youngest daughter, who was engaged in netting a purse, and endeavouring to look sentimental.

"Mr. Horatio Sparkins, ma," replied Miss Marianne, with a Juliet-like sigh.

"Oh! yes, to be sure—Horatio Sparkins," said Mrs. Malderton. "Decidedly the most gentleman-like young man I ever saw. I am

verity of the dictator. "Nec ulli periisse, nisi in prælio reperiuntur, exceptis duntaxat Afranio, et Fausto et Lucio Cæsare juvene; ac ne hos quidem voluntate ipsius interemtus putant; quorum tamen elprios post impertratam veniam rebellaverant: * * * * * denique, tempore extremo etiam quibus nondum ignoverat, cunctis in Italiam redire permisit, magistratus que et imperia capere. Sed et statuas L. Syllæ atque Pompeii, aplebe disjectas, reposuit."—*Sueton. in Jul. Cæsare.*

* Gibbon.

† O dii boni! vivit tyrannis, tyrannus occidit? ejus interfecti morte lætamur, ejus facta defendimus? * * * mori millies præstitit quam hæc pati, quæ mihi videntur habitura etiam vetustatem.—*Cic. Attic. Epl. l. 14. 9.*

sure in the beautifully-made coat he wore the other night he looked like—like——”

“Like Prince Leopold, ma,—so noble, so full of sentiment!” suggested Miss Marianne, in a tone of enthusiastic admiration.

“You should recollect, my dear,” resumed Mrs. Malderton, “that Teresa is now eight-and-twenty; and that it really is very important that something should be done.”

Miss Teresa Malderton was a little girl, rather fat, with vermilion cheeks: but good humoured, still disengaged, although, to do her justice, the misfortune arose from no lack of perseverance on her part. In vain had she flirted for ten years; in vain had Mr. and Mrs. Malderton assiduously kept up an extensive acquaintance among the young eligible bachelors of Camberwell, and even of Newington Butts; on Sunday, likewise, many “dropped in” from town. Miss Malderton was as well known as the lion on the top of Northumberland House, and had about as much chance of “going off.”

“I am quite sure you’d like him,” continued Mrs. Malderton; “he is so gentlemanly!”

“So clever!” said Miss Marianne.

“And has such a flow of language!” added Miss Teresa.

“He has a great respect for you, my dear,” said Mrs. Malderton to her husband, in a confident tone. Mr. Malderton coughed, and looked at the fire.

“Yes, I’m sure he’s very much attached to pa’s society,” said Miss Marianne.

“No doubt of it,” echoed Miss Teresa.

“Indeed, he said as much to me in confidence,” observed Mrs. Malderton.

“Well, well,” returned Mr. Malderton, somewhat flattered; “if I see him at the assembly to-morrow, perhaps I’ll ask him down here. I hope he knows we live at Oak Lodge, Camberwell, my dear?”

“Of course—and that you keep a one-horse carriage.”

“I’ll see about it,” said Mr. Malderton, composing himself for a nap; “I’ll see about it.”

Mr. Malderton was a man whose whole scope of ideas was limited to Lloyd’s, the Exchange, Broad-street, and the Bank. A few successful speculations had raised him from a situation of obscurity and comparative poverty, to a state of affluence. As it frequently happens in such cases the ideas of himself and his family became elevated to an extraordinary pitch as their means increased; they affected fashion, taste, and many other fooleries, in imitation of their superiors, and had a very becoming and decided horror of any thing which could by possibility be considered *low*. He was hospitable from ostentation, illiberal from ignorance, and prejudiced from conceit. Egotism and the love of display induced him to keep an excellent table: convenience, and a love of the good things of this life, ensured him plenty of guests. He liked to have clever men, or what he considered such, at his table, because it was a great thing to talk about; but he never could endure what he called “sharp fellows.” Probably he cherished this feeling out of compliment to his two sons, who gave their respected parent no uneasiness in that particular.

The family were ambitious of forming acquaintances and connexions in some sphere of society superior to that in which they themselves moved; and one of the necessary consequences of this desire, added to their utter ignorance of the world beyond their own small circle, was that any one, who could plausibly lay claim to an acquaintance with people of rank and title, had a sure passport to the table at Oak-Lodge, Camberwell.

The appearance of Mr. Horatio Sparkins at the City assembly had excited no small degree of surprise and curiosity among its regular frequenters. Who could he be? He was evidently reserved, and apparently melancholy. Was he a clergyman?—He danced too well. A barrister!—he was not called. He used very fine words, and said a great deal. Could he be a distinguished foreigner come to England for the purpose of describing the country, its manners and customs; and frequenting City balls and public dinners, with the view of becoming acquainted with high life, polished etiquette, and English refinement?—No, he had not a foreign accent. Was he a surgeon, a contributor to the magazines, a writer of fashionable novels, or an artist?—No; to each and all of these surmises there existed some valid objection.—“Then,” said every body, “he must be *somebody*,”—“I should think he must be,” reasoned Mr. Malderton, with himself, “because he perceives our superiority and pays us so much attention.”

The night succeeding the conversation we have just recorded was “assembly night.” The double-fly was ordered to be at the door of Oak-Lodge at nine o’clock precisely. The Miss Maldertons were dressed in sky-blue satin, trimmed with artificial flowers; and Mrs. M. (who was a little fat woman), in ditto ditto, looked like her eldest daughter multiplied by two. Mr. Frederick Malderton the eldest son, in full-dress costume, was the very *beau-ideal* of a smart waiter; and Mr. Thomas Malderton, the youngest, with his white dress-stock, blue coat, bright buttons, and red watch-ribbon, strongly resembled the portrait of that interesting though somewhat rash young gentleman, George Barnwell. Every member of the party had made up his or her mind to cultivate the acquaintance of Mr. Horatio Sparkins. Miss Teresa of course was to be as amiable and interesting as ladies of eight-and-twenty on the look out for a husband usually are; Mrs. Malderton would be all smiles and graces; Miss Marianne would request the favour of some verses for her album; Mr. Malderton would patronize the great unknown by asking him to dinner; and Tom intended to ascertain the extent of his information on the interesting topics of snuff and cigars. Even Mr. Frederick Malderton himself, the family authority on all points of taste, dress, and fashionable arrangement—who had lodgings of his own at “the west end,” who had a free admission for Covent-Garden theatre, who always dressed according to the fashions of the month, who went up the water twice a week in the season, and who actually had an intimate friend who once knew a gentleman who formerly lived in the Albany,—even he had determined that Mr. Horatio Sparkins must be a devilish good fellow, and that he would do him the honour of challenging him to a game of billiards.

The first object that met the anxious eyes of the expectant family,
M. M. No. 98.

on their entrance into the ball-room, was the interesting Horatio, with his hair brushed off his forehead, and his eyes fixed on the ceiling, reclining in a contemplative attitude on one of the seats.

"There he is, my dear," anxiously whispered Mrs. Malderton to Mr. Malderton.

"How like Lord Byron!" murmured Miss Teresa.

"Or Montgomery!" whispered Miss Marianne.

"Or the portraits of Captain Ross!" suggested Tom.

"Tom—don't be an ass," said his father, who checked him upon all occasions, probably with a view to prevent his becoming "sharp"—which, by-the-by, was very unnecessary.

The elegant Sparkins attitudinized with admirable effect until the family had crossed the room. He then started up with the most natural appearance of surprise and delight: accosted Mrs. Malderton with the utmost cordiality, saluted the young ladies in the most enchanting manner; bowed to, and shook hands with Mr. Malderton, with a degree of respect amounting almost to veneration, and returned the greetings of the two young men in a half-gratified, half-patronizing manner, which fully convinced them that he must be an important and, at the same time, condescending personage.

"Miss Malderton," said Horatio, after the ordinary salutations, and bowing very low, "may I be permitted to presume to hope that you will allow me to have the pleasure——"

"I don't think I am engaged," said Miss Teresa, with a dreadful affectation of indifference—"but, really—so many——"

Horatio looked as handsomely miserable as a Hamlet sliding upon a bit of orange-peel.

"I shall be most happy," simpered the interesting Teresa, at last; and Horatio's countenance brightened up like an old hat in a shower of rain.

"A very genteel young man, certainly!" said the gratified Mr. Malderton, as the obsequious Sparkins and his partner joined the quadrille which was just forming.

"He has a remarkably good address," said Mr. Frederick.

"Yes, he is a prime fellow," interposed Tom; who always managed to put his foot in it—"he talks just like an auctioneer."

"Tom!" said his father, "I think I desired you before not to be a fool."—Tom looked as happy as a cock on a drizzly morning.

"How delightful!" said the interesting Horatio to his partner, as they promenaded the room at the conclusion of the set—"how delightful, how refreshing it is, to retire from the cloudy storms, the vicissitudes, and the troubles of life, even if it be but for a few short, fleeting moments; and to spend those moments, fading and evanescent though they be, in the delightful, the blessed society of one individual—of her whose frowns would be death, whose coldness would be madness, whose falsehood would be ruin, whose constancy would be bliss; the possession of whose affection would be the brightest and best reward that heaven could bestow on man."

"What feeling! what sentiment!" thought Miss Teresa, as she leaned more heavily upon her companion's arm.

"But enough—enough," resumed the elegant Sparkins, with a theatrical air. "What have I said? what have I—I—to do with

sentiments like these? Miss Malderton," here he stopped short—"may I hope to be permitted to offer the humble tribute of——"

"Really, Mr. Sparkins," returned the enraptured Teresa, blushing in the sweetest confusion, "I must refer you to papa. I never can without his consent, venture to—to——"

"Surely he cannot object——"

"Oh, yes. Indeed, indeed, you know him not," interrupted Miss Teresa—well knowing there was nothing to fear, but wishing to make the interview resemble a scene in some romantic novel.

"He cannot object to my offering you a glass of negus," returned the adorable Sparkins, with some surprise.

"Is that all!" said the disappointed Teresa to herself. "What a fuss about nothing!"

"It will give me the greatest pleasure, sir, to see you to dinner at Oak Lodge, Camberwell, on Sunday next, at five o'clock, if you have no better engagement," said Mr. Malderton, at the conclusion of the evening, as he and his sons were standing in conversation with Mr. Horatio Sparkins.

Horatio bowed his acknowledgments, and accepted the flattering invitation.

"I must confess," continued the manœuvring father, offering his snuff-box to his new acquaintance, "that I don't enjoy these assemblies half so much as the comfort—I had almost said the luxury—of Oak Lodge: they have no great charms for an elderly man."

"And, after all, sir, what is man?" said the metaphysical Sparkins—"I say, what is man?"

"Very true," said Mr. Malderton—"very true."

"We know that we live and breathe," continued Horatio; "that we have wants and wishes, desires and appetites——"

"Certainly," said Mr. Frederick Malderton, looking very profound.

"I say, we know that we exist," repeated Horatio, raising his voice, "but there we stop; there is an end to our knowledge; there is the summit of our attainments; there is the termination of our ends. What more do we know?"

"Nothing," replied Mr. Frederick—than whom no one was more capable of answering for himself in that particular. Tom was about to hazard something, but, fortunately for his reputation, he caught his father's angry eye, and slunk off like a puppy convicted of petty larceny.

"Upon my word," said Mr. Malderton the elder, as they were returning home in the 'Fly,' "that Mr. Sparkins is a wonderful young man. Such surprising knowledge! such extraordinary information! and such a splendid mode of expressing himself!"

"I think he must be somebody in disguise," said Miss Marianne.—"How charmingly romantic!"

"He talks very loud, and nicely," timidly observed Tom, "but I don't exactly understand what he means."

"I almost begin to despair of *your* understanding any thing, Tom," said his father, who, of course, had been much enlightened by Mr. Horatio Sparkins' conversation.

"It strikes me, Tom," said Miss Teresa, "that you have made yourself very ridiculous this evening."

"No doubt of it," cried every body—and the unfortunate Tom reduced himself into the least possible space.—That night Mr. and Mrs. Malderton had a long conversation respecting their daughter's prospects and future arrangements. Miss Teresa went to bed, considering whether, in the event of her marrying a title, she could conscientiously encourage the visits of her present associates, and dreamt all night of disguised noblemen, large routs, ostrich plumes, bridal favours, and Horatio Sparkins.

Various surmises were hazarded on the Sunday morning, as to the mode of conveyance which the anxiously-expected Horatio would adopt. Did he keep a gig—was it possible he would come on horseback—or would he patronize the stage? These, and various other conjectures of equal importance, engrossed the attention of Mrs. Malderton and her daughters during the whole morning.

"Upon my word, my dear, it's a most annoying thing that that vulgar brother of yours should have invited himself to dine here to-day," said Mr. Malderton to his wife. "On account of Mr. Sparkins' coming down, I purposely abstained from asking any one but Flamwell. And then to think of your brother—a tradesman—it's insufferable. I declare I wouldn't have him mention his shop before our new guest—no, not for a thousand pounds. I wouldn't care if he had the good sense to conceal the disgrace he is to the family; but he's so cursedly fond of his horrible business, that he will let people know what he is."

Mr. Jacob Barton, the individual alluded to, was a large grocer; so vulgar, and so lost to all sense of feeling, that he actually never scrupled to avow that he wasn't above his business; "he'd made his money by it, and he didn't care who know'd it."

"Ah! Flamwell, my dear fellow, how d'ye do?" said Mr. Malderton, as a little spoffish man, with green spectacles, entered the room. "You got my note?"

"Yes, I did; and here I am in consequence."

"You don't happen to know this Mr. Sparkins by name?—You know every body."

Mr. Flamwell was one of those gentleman of such remarkably extensive information that one occasionally meets with in society, who pretend to know every body, but who, of course, know nobody. At Malderton's, where any stories about great people were received with a greedy ear, he was an especial favourite; and, knowing the kind of people he had to deal with, he carried his passion of claiming acquaintance with everybody to the most immoderate length. He had rather a singular way of telling his greatest lies in a parenthesis, and with an air of self-denial, as if he feared being thought egotistical.

"Why, no, I don't know him by that name," returned Flamwell, in a low tone, and with an air of immense importance. "I have no doubt I know him though. Is he tall?"

"Middle sized," said Miss Teresa.

"With black hair?" inquired Flamwell, hazarding a bold guess.

"Yes," returned Miss Teresa eagerly.

"Rather a snub nose?"

"No," said the disappointed Teresa, "he has a Roman nose."

"I said a Roman nose, didn't I?" inquired Flamwell. "He's an elegant young man?"

"Oh, certainly."

"With remarkably prepossessing manners?"

"Oh, yes!" said all the family together. "You must know him."

"Yes, I thought you knew him, if he was anybody," triumphantly exclaimed Mr. Malderton. "Who d'ye think he is?"

"Why, from your description," said Flamwell, ruminating, and sinking his voice almost to a whisper, "he bears a strong resemblance to the Honourable Augustus Fitz-Edward Fitz-John Fitz-Osborne. He's a very talented young man, and rather eccentric. It's extremely probable he may have changed his name for some temporary purpose."

Teresa's heart beat high. Could he be the Honourable Augustus Fitz-Edward Fitz-John Fitz-Osborne? What a name to be elegantly engraved over two glazed cards, tied together with a piece of white satin ribbon! "The Honourable Mrs. Augustus Fitz-Edward Fitz-John Fitz-Osborne!" The thought was transport.

"It's five minutes to five," said Mr. Malderton, looking at his watch: "I hope he's not going to disappoint us."

"There he is!" exclaimed Miss Teresa, as a loud double-knock was heard at the door. Every body endeavoured to look—as people when they particularly expect a visitor alway do—as if they were perfectly unsuspecting of the approach of any one.

The room door opened—"Mr. Barton!" said the servant.

"Confound the man," murmured Malderton.—"Ah, my dear sir, how d'ye do? Any news?"

"Why, no," returned the grocer, in his usual honest, bluff manner. "No, none partickler. None that I am much aware of.—How d'ye do, gals and boys?—Mr. Flamwell, sir—glad to see you."

"Here's Mr. Sparkins," said Tom, who had been looking out at the window, "on *such* a black horse!"—There was Horatio sure enough, on a large black horse, curvetting and prancing along like an Astley's supernumerary. After a great deal of reining in and pulling up, with the usual accompaniments of snorting, rearing, and kicking, the animal consented to stop at about a hundred yards from the gate, where Mr. Sparkins dismounted and confided him to the care of Mr. Malderton's groom. The ceremony of introduction was gone through in all due form. Mr. Flamwell looked from behind his green spectacles at Horatio with an air of mysterious importance; and the gallant Horatio looked unutterable things at Teresa, who tried in her turn to appear uncommonly lackadaisical.

"Is he the Honourable Mr. Augustus—what's his name?" whispered Mrs. Malderton to Flamwell, as he was escorting her to the dining-room.

"Why, no—at least not exactly," returned that great authority—"not exactly."

"Who *is* he then?"

"Hush!" said Flamwell, nodding his head with a grave air, importing that he knew very well; but was prevented by some grave

reasons of state from disclosing the important secret. It might be one of the ministers making himself acquainted with the views of the people.

"Mr. Sparkins," said the delighted Mrs. Malderton, "pray divide the ladies. John, put a chair for the gentleman between Miss Teresa and Miss Marianne." This was addressed to a man who on ordinary occasions acted as half-groom, half-gardener; but who, as it was most important to make an impression on Mr. Sparkins, had been forced into a white neckerchief and shoes, and touched up and brushed to look like a second footman.

The dinner was excellent; Horatio was most attentive to Miss Teresa, and every one felt in high spirits, except Mr. Malderton, who, knowing the propensity of his brother-in-law, Mr. Barton, endured that sort of agony which the newspapers inform us is experienced by the surrounding neighbourhood when a pot-boy hangs himself in a hay-loft, and which is "much easier to be imagined than described."

"Have you seen your friend, Sir Thomas Noland, lately, Flamwell?" inquired Mr. Malderton, casting a sidelong look at Horatio, to see what effect the mention of so great a man had upon him.

"Why, no—not very lately; I saw Lord Gubbleton the day before yesterday."

"I hope his lordship is very well," said Malderton, in a tone of the greatest interest. It is scarcely necessary to say that until that moment he was quite innocent of the existence of such a person.

"Why, yes; he was very well—very well, indeed. He's a devilish good fellow: I met him in the City, and had a long chat with him. Indeed I'm rather intimate with him. I couldn't stop to talk to him as long as I could wish though, because I was on my way to a banker's, a very rich man, and a member of Parliament, with whom I am also rather, indeed I may say very, intimate."

"I know whom you mean," returned the host, consequentially, in reality knowing as much about the matter as Flamwell himself.

"He has a capital business."

This was touching on a dangerous topic.

"Talking of business," interposed Mr. Barton, from the centre of the table. "A gentleman that you knew very well, Malderton, before you made that first lucky spec of your's, called at our shop the other day, and——"

"Barton, may I trouble you for a potatoe," interrupted the wretched master of the house, hoping to nip the story in the bud.

"Certainly," returned the grocer, quite insensible of his brother-in-law's object—"and he said in a very plain manner——"

"*Flowery*, if you please," interrupted Malderton again; dreading the termination of the anecdote, and fearing a repetition of the word "shop."

"He said, says he," continued the culprit, after dispatching the potatoe—"says he, how goes on your business? So I said, jokingly—you know my way—says I, I'm never above my business, and I hope my business will never be above me. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Mr. Sparkins," said the host, vainly endeavouring to conceal his dismay, "a glass of wine?"

"With the utmost pleasure, sir."

"Happy to see you."

"Thank you."

"We were talking the other evening," resumed the host, addressing Horatio, partly with the view of displaying the conversational powers of his new acquaintance, and partly in the hope of drowning the grocer's stories; "we were talking the other day about the nature of man. Your argument struck me very forcibly."

"And me," said Mr. Frederick. Horatio made a graceful inclination of the head.

"Pray what is your opinion of women, Mr. Sparkins?" inquired Mrs. Malderton. The young ladies simpered.

"Man," replied Horatio, "man, whether he ranged the bright, gay, flowery plains of a second Eden, or the more sterile, barren, and I may say common-place regions, to which we are compelled to accustom ourselves in times such as these; man, I say, under any circumstances, or in any place—whether he were bending beneath the withering blasts of the frigid zone, or scorching under the rays of a vertical sun,—man, without woman would be—alone."

"I'm very happy to find you entertain such honourable opinions, Mr. Sparkins," said Mrs. Malderton.

"And I," added Miss Teresa. Horatio looked his delight, and the young lady blushed like a full-blown peony.

"Now it's my opinion——" said Mr. Barton——

"I know what you're going to say," interposed Malderton, determined not to give his relation another opportunity, "and I don't agree with you."

"What!" inquired the astonished grocer.

"I am sorry to differ from you, Barton," said the host, in as positive a manner as if he really were contradicting a position which the other had laid down, "but I cannot give my assent to what I consider a very monstrous proposition."

"But I meant to say——"

"You never can convince me," said Malderton, with an air of obstinate determination. "Never."

"And I," said Mr. Frederick, following up his father's attack, "cannot entirely agree in Mr. Sparkins' argument."

"What!" said Horatio, who became more metaphysical, and more argumentative, as he saw the female part of the family listening in wondering delight. "What! is effect the consequence of cause? Is cause the precursor of effect?"

"That's the point," said Flamwell, in a tone of concurrence.

"To be sure," said Mr. Malderton.

"Because if effect is the consequence of cause, and if cause does precede effect, I apprehend you are decidedly wrong," added Horatio.

"Decidedly," said the toad-eating Flamwell.

"At least I apprehend that to be the just and logical deduction," said Sparkins, in a tone of interrogation.

"No doubt of it," chimed in Flamwell again. "It settles the point."

"Well perhaps it does," said Mr. Frederick; "I didn't see it before."

"I don't exactly see it now," thought the grocer; "but I suppose it's all right."

"How wonderfully clever he is!" whispered Mrs. Malderton to her daughters as they retired to the drawing-room.

"Oh! he's quite a love," said both the young ladies together, "he talks like a second Pelham. He must have seen a great deal of life."

The gentlemen being left to themselves a pause ensued, during which everybody looked very grave, as if they were quite overcome by the profound nature of the previous discussion. Flamwell, who had made up his mind to find out who and what Mr. Horatio Sparkins really was, first broke silence.

"Excuse me, sir," said that distinguished personage. "I presume you have studied for the bar; I thought of entering once myself—indeed I'm rather intimate with some of the highest ornaments of that distinguished profession."

"No—no!" said Horatio, with a little hesitation, "not exactly."

"But you have been much among the silk gowns, or I mistake?" inquired Flamwell, deferentially.

"Nearly all my life," returned Sparkins.

The question was thus pretty well settled in the mind of Mr. Flamwell.—He was a young gentleman "about to be called."

"I shouldn't like to be a barrister," said Tom, speaking for the first time, and looking round the table to find somebody who would notice the remark.

No one made any reply.

"I shouldn't like to wear a wig," added Tom, hazarding another observation.

"Tom, I beg you'll not make yourself ridiculous," said his father. "Pray listen, and improve yourself by the conversation you hear, and don't be constantly making these absurd remarks."

"Very well, father," replied the unfortunate Tom, who had not spoken a word since he had asked for another slice of beef at a quarter past five o'clock P.M., and it was then eight.

"Well, Tom," observed his good-natured uncle, "never mind; I think with you. I shouldn't like to wear a wig; I'd rather wear an apron."

Mr. Malderton coughed violently. Mr. Barton resumed—"For if a man's above his business —"

The cough returned with tenfold violence, and did not cease until the unfortunate cause of it, in his alarm, had quite forgotten what he intended to say.

"Mr. Sparkins," said Flamwell, returning to the charge; "do you happen to know Mr. Delafontaine of Bedford-square?"

"I have exchanged cards with him; since which, indeed, I had an opportunity of serving him considerably," replied Horatio, slightly colouring, no doubt at having been betrayed into making the acknowledgment.

"You are very lucky, if you have had an opportunity of obliging that great man," observed Flamwell, with an air of profound respect.

"I don't know," whispered Flamwell to Mr. Malderton confidentially as they followed Horatio up to the drawing-room. "It's quite clear, however, that he belongs to the law, and that he is somebody of great importance, and very highly connected."

"No doubt, no doubt," returned his companion.

The remainder of the evening passed away most delightfully. Mr. Malderton, relieved from his apprehensions by the circumstance of Mr. Barton's falling into a profound sleep, was as affable and gracious as possible. Miss Teresa played "*The Falls of Paris*," as Mr. Sparkins declared, in a most masterly manner, and both of them assisted by Mr. Frederick, tried over glees and trios without number; they having made the pleasing discovery that their voices harmonized beautifully. To be sure they all sang the first part; and Horatio, in addition to the slight drawback of having no ear, was perfectly innocent of knowing a note of music; still they passed the time away very agreeably, and it was past twelve o'clock before Mr. Sparkins ordered the mourning-coach-looking steed to be brought out—an order which was only complied with upon the distinct understanding that he was to repeat his visit on the following Sunday.

"But, perhaps, Mr. Sparkins will form one of our party to-morrow evening?" suggested Mrs. M. "Mr. Malderton intends taking the girls to see *St. George and the Dragon*"—Mr. Sparkins bowed and promised to join the party in box 48 in the course of the evening.

"We will not tax you for the morning," said Miss Teresa, bewitchingly; "for ma is going to take us to all sorts of places, shopping. But I know that gentlemen have a great horror of that employment." Mr. Sparkins bowed again, and declared he should be delighted, but business of importance occupied him in the morning. Flamwell looked at Malderton significantly.—"It's term time!" he whispered.

At twelve o'clock on the following morning the "fly" was at the door of Oak Lodge to convey Mrs. Malderton and her daughters on their expedition for the day. They were to dine and dress for the play at a friend's house, first driving thither with their bandboxes; thence they departed on their first errand to make some purchases at Messrs. Jones, Spruggins, and Smith's, of Tottenham-court-road; after which to Redmayne, in Bond-treet; and thence to innumerable places that no one ever heard of. The young ladies beguiled the tediousness of the ride by eulogizing Mr. Horatio Sparkins, scolding their mamma for taking them so far to save a shilling, and wondering whether they should ever reach their destination. At length the vehicle stopped before a dirty-looking ticketed linen-draper's shop, with goods of all kinds, and labels of all sorts and sizes in the window. There were dropsical figures of a seven with a little three-quarter in the corner, something like the aquatic animalculæ disclosed by the gas microscope "perfectly invisible to the naked eye;" three hundred and fifty thousand ladies' boas, from one shilling and a penny halfpenny; real French kid shoes, at two and nine-pence per pair; green parasols, with handles like carving-forks, at an equally cheap rate; and

"every description of goods," as the proprietors said—and they must know best—"fifty per cent. under cost price."

"La! ma', what a place you have brought us to!" said Miss Teresa; "what *would* Mr. Sparkins say if he could see us!"

"Ah! what, indeed!" said Miss Marianne, horrified at the idea.

"Pray be seated, ladies. What is the first article?" inquired the obsequious master of the ceremonies of the establishment, who, in his large white neckcloth and formal tie, looked like a bad "portrait of a gentleman" in the Somerset-house exhibition.

"I want to see some silks," answered Mrs. Malderton.

"Directly, ma'am.—Mr. Smith. Where *is* Mr. Smith?"

"Here, sir," cried a voice at the back of the shop.

"Pray make haste, Mr. Smith," said the M. C. "You never are to be found when you're wanted, sir."

Mr. Smith thus enjoined to use all possible despatch, leaped over the counter with great agility, and placed himself before the newly-arrived customers. Mrs. Malderton uttered a faint scream; Miss Teresa, who had been stooping down to talk to her sister, raised her head, and beheld—Horatio Sparkins!

"We will draw a veil," as novel writers say, over the scene that ensued. The mysterious, philosophical, romantic, metaphysical Sparkins—he who, to the interesting Teresa, seemed like the embodied idea of the young dukes and poetical exquisites in blue silk dressing-gowns, and ditto ditto slippers, of whom she had read and dreamt, but had never expected to behold—was suddenly converted into Mr. Samuel Smith, the assistant at a "cheap shop;" the junior partner in a slippery firm of some three weeks' existence. The dignified evanishment of the hero of Oak Lodge on this unexpected announcement could only be equalled by that of a furtive dog with a considerable kettle at his tail. All the hopes of the Maldertons were destined at once to melt away, like the lemon ices at a Company's dinner; Almacks was still to them as distant as the North Pole: and Miss Teresa had about as much chance of a husband as Captain Ross had of the north-west passage.

Years have elapsed since the occurrence of this dreadful morning. The daisies have thrice bloomed on Camberwell-green—the sparrows have thrice repeated their vernal chirps in Camberwell-grove; but the Miss Maldertons are still unmated. Miss Teresa's case is more desperate than ever; but Flamwell is yet in the zenith of his reputation, and the family have the same predilection for aristocratic personages, with an increased aversion to any thing *low*.

THE BURIAL OF ST. JOSEPH.

BY JOHN GALT.

THE sun had set to rural Bethany ;
 But on the towers of high Jerusalem,
 Still beam'd the glory of his amber light ;
 And spires, and vanes, and glitt'ring pinnacles
 Crested with stars, like sacred torches round
 Some gorgeous cenotaph or sainted shrine,
 Environed the temple ; which, sublime,
 Shone in the azure of the cloudless sky,
 A bright apocalypse of domes in heaven.

Beyond the gates, and forth the city walls,
 The cypress grove and field of sepulchres
 Charm'd with the murmurs of a gath'ring throng :—
 There hung in clusters on the lab'ring trees
 Expecting children ; and apart in groupes,
 With faces veil'd, deploring matrons stood :
 While hoarsely fierce, insensate as the waves
 That chafe the sands of Joppa's sounding shore,
 Bands of rash youths and sallow artizans.—
 A raging multitude, roll'd to and fro.

When, from afar, slow issuing from the gate,
 Appear'd the funeral train.—The angry crowd,
 With yells and cries, and shouts of blasphemy,
 Swift turning, rushed to whelm the solemn rites.
 But still the dead was borne serenely on :—
 As in her course, amidst the wrack of storms,
 The holy moon holds her accustom'd way.
 And yet the uproar grew.—Vengeance and wrath
 Were there ; and fury, with extended arms,
 Grasp'd for her victim ; but he meekly rais'd
 His pitying eyes.—The coming deluge stay'd :—
 Hush'd was the insolence of voice and vow ;
 And back, receding to the right and left,
 The aw'd and trembling multitude retir'd,
 Forbid, rebuk'd, and wither'd in their daring.

THE COTTAGE ALLOTMENT SYSTEM ILLUSTRATED.

THE general distress which has arisen from the unequal distribution of property, and the great pressure of the national debt, has long forced itself on public observation, and remedies of every description have been prescribed, either to remove the evils altogether, or to counteract their injurious effects. Such violent projects as an Agrarian law, or a spunging off the national debt, will meet with few supporters ; but there are other less sweeping measures well calculated to relieve existing necessities, and, therefore, deserving consideration.

Of all these, the Cottage System is, perhaps, the most unexceptionable, offering the greatest advantages at the least risk ; it has been tried in various parts of the country, and daily spreads more and more widely, " bearing before it in its course the relics " of those prejudices which once opposed its introduction. Simple as it seems to give a man, whose sinews are his only inheritance, so much land as will occupy his unemployed hours, many objections have been made to the principle, partly by a particular class of philosophers, ever haunted by the phantoms of over-population ; and partly by men who dread the establishment here of a cottier-tenantry like that which has long crowded the estates of Irish landlords.

Of population so much has been written in modern times, that we shall not enter on it now further than to express our conviction that it cannot be restrained ; neither moral check nor physical suffering will repress it, because the former is opposed to the strongest passions and feelings of human nature, and the latter experience has shewn is unequal to the task, unless carried to a barbarous extreme. Look at China, a country filled with a mass of people that would stock a dozen European kingdoms ; there the harpy famine constantly hovers over their heads, and is only kept at bay by unceasing toil ; they spend their lives in a constant struggle to live ; they breed fish-spawn—they turn lakeweeds into gardens—they rake up the vilest offal for food—they ransack earth and water, seeking what they may devour, and, after all, barely succeed in satisfying the cravings of hunger ;—yet population, like the poet's river, still rolls on its ceaseless tide, and we wait in vain for the failing of the waters. Common privations, then, will not check the growth of nations ; it may be that there is a degree in the scale of misery below which the natural instincts are frozen, but no one yet ascertained this zero of wretchedness, nor has any one yet been found cold-blooded enough to propose it as a remedy. The principle of increase can never be restrained in countries where men have the shadow of freedom ; toil, suffering, and despair can barely accomplish it in a land of slaves.

The problem, therefore, to be solved is, how to provide subsistence, not how to prevent consumers ; and to this the plan we are considering affords a direct, though partial solution. The Cottage System, properly so called, consists in the allotment of land in small portions

to agricultural labourers ; its object is to increase the respectability and comfort of the labourer, by enabling him to employ his spare time to the best advantage, by giving him a resource during any temporary loss of employment ; by rendering him less dependant on his daily earnings when wages are good ; and by preventing the necessity of applying to the poor-rate when wages are too low for subsistence. It has many advantages. In the first place it is not a political regulation, to be improved by the fiat of government ; but a social change, to be effected by the influence of private interest.

The landlord suffers no loss, since the cottager pays the same rent as the farmer, and cultivates his land better.

In all parishes where wages are made up out of the poor-rates, the latter will immediately be relieved by adopting this plan ; and where no such practice exists, still the rates will indirectly be lessened, as the condition of the poorer classes is improved. And when to these considerations we add the happiness conferred on numbers now struggling with poverty, surely the arguments against the system should be strong indeed to counterbalance such great advantages.

So many objections have been made to the small farmer, and these are so frequently applied to the cottager, that it becomes necessary to mark the difference between the two classes by a plain and simple distinction. A cottager, then, is one who depends for subsistence mainly on his labour for others, and looks upon his land, if he have any, merely as a collateral resource—a means of making up the deficiency of his wages, or of providing himself with a few additional comforts. The small farmer, on the other hand, depends entirely on his farm, or, if he does condescend to work for others, it is only on special occasions, and by no means in his ordinary occupations. On this account the quantity of land allotted should always be small, because the intention is to benefit the labourer as such, not to raise him to a higher grade.

It is not surprising, when so simple and easy a mode of relief was brought forward, and success had attended every experiment, that attention should daily be more and more directed to it, and new trials entered on by the more intelligent landholders. Every where we hear of allotments of land in roods or acres, and always with the same gratifying result ; in the south of England they are particularly numerous, and as the practical benefits become better known, more ground still will be devoted to the same purpose, until there is not a cottage in the country without its little enclosure. But as illustration is the fashion, I will relate a case in point. It has, likewise, this recommendation—it is true. How much happiness will be the result, and how many a tale will be told like the following narrative !—

An old couple, of the name of Baker, long occupied a small farm in Berkshire, which they held on a lease for their own lives, at a very moderate rent. The easy terms of the lease, and their own frugality, had enabled them to accumulate more than 200*l.* in the bank ; and as there could be no doubt that the whole of this would go, on their decease, to their only child, Mary Baker was considered a good

match by the young men of the neighbourhood. She was a well-looking girl, of a cheerful, lively temper, which attracted general regard; before she was seventeen, half-a-dozen suitors had made their bows; but all were rejected by the little damsel, who had perversely given her heart to the wrong man, a mere labourer on her father's farm. How John Robinson contrived to win her, I never heard. For some time, however, matters went on smoothly; but at length a discovery was made by a busy neighbour, which changed the face of affairs. The farmer and his wife were of that class so numerous in England, whose leading idea is to be respectable; that is, to pay your way, go to church regularly, do as others do, and be in good repute with your neighbours. It had long been their ambition that Mary should marry a substantial farmer in an adjoining parish, and when they found their hopes disappointed, and their respectability lessened by her attachment to Robinson, it is not surprising that their anger should be extreme against both parties. The old man discharged Robinson on the spot, with the most violent reproaches; and the old lady lectured poor Mary in the regular style used by dowagers on such occasions. The feelings of the two parties, however, remained unchanged in this reverse of fortune. Mary endeavoured to soften her parents' hearts by tears and entreaties; but the blue eyes of eighteen, and the spectacled ones of sixty, see things in very different lights, and she only brought on herself a fresh storm of indignation. Robinson then manfully determined to work harder than ever; and as soon as he could save from his wages sufficient to rent a garden, near Reading, to take Mary without her fortune, if old Baker chose to keep it.

In this manner a year passed away, and at the end of it Robinson found he had saved but a small sum, notwithstanding all his frugality; but he looked forward to a rise of wages, and hoped for better times next year. When that had passed, however, he found his savings were still less, and it required all Mary's rhetoric to cheep him up, when he thought of the time that must pass before he could accumulate the requisite sum. "You will have better news next time," she said, as they parted in the shrubbery before the house; and then you will not come with that long face, to tell me we have nothing to hope for. Good night." And John went home with a fresh stock of resolution. The third year had come and gone with few opportunities of seeing each other. In these Robinson always spoke despondingly, and, therefore, on the last day of the year, when they had agreed to meet in the little shrubbery, and talk over their plans, Mary was not surprised to find him in his gloomiest mood. "It's no use," he said, striking his hand against a tree, "it's no use at all; if I was to work my arms off, I could nt save a sixpence. It's no use, I say."

"But what makes you think so, John? If times are bad, we must look forward to better ones; but you are always so faint-hearted."

"You don't know how it is, Mary; wages have been low enough, God knows, this long time; but now I can't get work at any price."

"Not get work! Why, have you quarrelled with farmer Jones, or what is it?"

"I haven't quarrelled with anybody; but the magistrates, you see, have made a scale of wages; so much for single men, so much for families; and the farmers say they can't give so much, so it must be made up by the parish."

"Well, at any rate, you will be as well off as others; and I don't see how that is to prevent your getting work."

"Why, because there's more want work than can get it."

"But you're not likely to be one; you have worked for farmer Jones a long time, and why should he send you away to take in a stranger?"

"Because they know I've got some money; those that have none, if they have nothing to do, come upon the parish, so they give them work; but as I have saved money, the parish is not bound to help me, and that's the reason they won't employ me."

"That's hard," said Mary, after a pause, "very hard, not to give work because you've been industrious and saving."

"I am glad you think so at last; I told you it was no good to work, and now you see the little I did hoard up must all go. It's no use, Mary, we must give it up."

"For the present," she replied, "I see no help for it; but you must bear up like a man; and if the worst comes to the worst, 'tis but waiting a few years longer."

Poor Mary!—though herself greatly disappointed, she did all in her power to keep alive her lover's hopes, and when he left her she bid him farewell with unusual affection, and forgot to count the kisses he took at parting.

Misfortunes never come alone, is a common saying, and in this case a true one. Old Baker was taken ill suddenly, and died after a fortnight's illness; his wife never left him day or night, but when the excitement that supported her was gone, she fell into a low fever, attended with delirium, requiring all Mary's care and nursing to overcome it. In a few days, however, Mrs. Baker recovered so far as to sit up in an easy chair, and Mary wandered out in the evening for a little fresh air. On her return she was extremely shocked to find her mother lying on the floor in a fainting-fit. An open letter by her side shewed the cause—the bank had failed. Mrs. Baker was again confined to her bed, from which she never arose. A lingering illness of two months succeeded, and she died at length, in great distress of mind at leaving Mary a destitute orphan.

When the last duties had been paid, and the time was come for Mary to form some plan for the future, Robinson, who had been her only comfort in these mournful scenes, was of course consulted; he immediately proposed that they should marry. To Mary this appeared downright madness; but he spoke quite seriously, and urged many reasons to induce her to consent. He said a married man was allowed higher wages by the magistrates, and was, besides, more likely to get work, because, if unemployed, both himself and wife were thrown on the parish; that there was no hope of saving any thing towards the garden, nor any other way to prevent her going

out to service, which he was sure she would not like ; and, in short, that marrying was the best of all plans under the circumstances. But suppose he got no work ?—Oh ! then they must come upon the parish, as many others did nowadays. To this Mary could not at all consent ; she felt the greatest dislike to the bare idea of receiving parish aid, and had not Robinson's indifference on the subject ; he pressed her for some time to marry him, and let things take their chance ; but she answered every solicitation with a gentle, yet firm refusal. He seemed greatly dejected ; said he should never see her again, when she once went away to service ; that it wasn't fair to tie her down to a man, like him, who could never offer her a home : so the best thing to be done was to part at once, and he would do what he could for himself. In this way he went on expressing his own bitter feelings, and showing how completely he had given way to despair ; it was true, when he saw how much it distressed Mary, he assumed a more cheerful manner ; but it was evidently only for her sake, and she dreaded to think what this reckless temper would lead to. Notwithstanding all her efforts to inspire him with better hopes, he went away in the same moody humour, after promising to see her again before her departure ; and, with a heavy heart, poor Mary turned to her preparations for leaving the cottage. Her father's landlord, Mr. Parker, had procured her a situation with a lady at Marlborough, which she had thankfully accepted.

The next day, after finishing what she had to do, the clear bright evening tempted her abroad ; she put on her straw-bonnet, and stepped out on the grass-plot before the door, to take one more look at the spot where she had lived from childhood. To-morrow she was to go among strange people and strange places ; and to take leave of John, who would be so unhappy ; she wondered whether he would come then, or in the morning ; at last, to divert her thoughts, she set out for a moonlight walk towards the village. Robinson's lodgings were just at the entrance, and, on passing, she looked up to the window of his room ; it was quite dark, so she continued her stroll, until the noise from the village alehouse made her turn. There was no one in the street, and she was walking slowly back, thinking of the next day, when she was startled by coming close on a man lying down under a gateway ; she thought he was asleep, for he never stirred as she went by ; but after going a few yards, the idea struck her that he might be ill, and she went back to see ; she stepped cautiously up, and turned back his collar—it was John Robinson ! She half screamed, and for a moment leaned back against the wall, drawing her breath hard ; the next she was on her knees beside him, trying to make him answer. " John, John, what is the matter with you ? why do you sleep here ? why don't you speak ? don't you know me, John ? " He turned slowly on his back, half opened his eyes, and made a sudden effort to rise ; he threw out his arms and legs, rolled over, and at length got upon his feet, striking her a severe blow in the struggle ; there he stood reeling and wavering about, and Mary could no longer doubt that he was dreadfully intoxicated. She looked round—not a soul was to be seen—his lodgings were near, if she could but get him safely in ; she took his arm, and tried to force him on ; but a drunken man is always

obstinate ; she spoke to him, she pushed and pulled him forwards, until they reached the door ; a little boy was the only one in the house, and he pointed out the lodger's room ; she got him in at last, and down he fell on the floor in a dead sleep ; it was quite dark ; she groped about for the bed, and taking off all the clothes, threw them over him ; she then closed the door softly, got out of the house, and ran all the way home, without stopping till she reached the garden gate. There she rested a moment to recover breath ; the cottage was before her, but father and mother were both gone ; the shrubbery, too, where she and John had met so often—but to-morrow she was to leave all ; and John—it overcame her at length—she threw her apron over her head, and gave way to a flood of tears. It was only for a few minutes, however ; she had that cheeriness of heart that rallies quickly under sorrow ; she dried her eyes, threw back the hair from her forehead, and looked up at the stars almost with a smile. For a short time she remained absorbed in thought, and then re-entered the cottage with a light step and open brow.

On the morning of the following day as Mr. Parker, a gentleman of the neighbourhood, was sitting in his study, the servant announced that a young woman wished to speak with him. The old gentleman desired her to be shown in, and immediately recognized her as the daughter of his late tenant, Farmer Baker. He made many inquiries about her plans ; told her she was welcome to stay in the cottage another month or two, if she pleased ; spoke of the lady into whose service she was going in the highest terms ; and expressed his readiness to assist her in any thing she required. Mary acknowledged his kindness, and said she did not know how to trespass on him further ; but she had no other hope ; and then she told him the state of affairs between Robinson and herself, with the exception of last night's scene ; she related all his struggles and disappointments, and concluded with asking, would Mr. Parker give Robinson the cottage, and only two fields behind it, at any rent he might think proper ?

"This is a very sudden request of yours, Mary," said Mr. Parker, "how is it you never mentioned it before ?" Mary hesitated and coloured, and at length confessed what had occurred the previous night. "It is a bad habit," replied Mr. Parker, gravely.

"Not a habit, sir, indeed, it is not a habit ; he was always sober and industrious as long as he could get work ; but they have driven him to spend all that he hoarded up for my sake, and that and my going away has put him quite out of my mind."

"You mean to marry him, then, if I were to give you the cottage ?"

"Yes, sir."

"I really do not know what to say ; small holdings are very bad things ; and the fact is, I intended to have thrown your father's land into one of the other farms ; a cottager's is still worse, he has no capital to stock or work his——"

"Oh ! sir," said Mary, "I know nothing about that ; but if you do not help me, John will be ruined ; only try us for a year. I know we shall be able to pay you—we shall, indeed ; even if you did lose a little money by your kindness to an orphan girl, you would scarcely

be the worse for it either here or hereafter ; but you will gain doubly, I am sure, for we will pay you both in money and in gratitude."

She had thrown herself before him in the ardour of the moment ; her upturned face, flushed with eager expectation, contrasted beautifully with the old man's look of calm benignity ; his eyes glistened, and his hand shook, as he patted her gently on the head, and said, in his quiet way, " You shall have the land, Mary."

If you ever travel on the road between London and Bristol, you may remark, a few miles from Reading, a thatched cottage about fifty yards from the road side. Ivy and clematis, and all sorts of creepers, are tangled about the porch and low windows ; there is a small plot of grass in front, and a shrubbery round it, with an arbour on one side ; and every thing has that look of general neatness and comfort, so peculiarly English, that if you were suddenly dropped from the clouds, turned round three times, and bid to guess what country you were in, you would point to the cottage, and say at once, oh ! England, England ! Should you pass on a summer evening, about sunset, stop your carriage for a minute, and look at the group in the arbour ; a stout good-looking man is sitting on the bench, with a mug of ale before him, and a little child lolling against his knee ; beside him is his wife, dancing about a crowing baby, and looking so happy that the very sight " fills one's eyes with pleasant tears ;"—then think of the story I have just related : that young and happy mother was the destitute orphan Mary ; that hale and hearty yeoman was once Robinson the pauper.

T. C.

SONNET.

BY SIR EGERTON BRYDGES.

THE solemn hours of midnight may oppress
With fear the minds of others ; but to me
The silence is a luxury of soul.
It is the nurse sincere of meditation.
Others may find their only happiness
In busy scenes and noises that control
The thought serene and pangs of memory ;
But the Bard lives in spiritual creation.
'Tis when all outward objects by a veil
Are from the senses hid, the fertile mind
With greater vigour can the visions hail,
Which on the inward mirror are design'd :—
'Tis in the mind all bliss or evil lies ;
The body has no wings to reach the skies.

MARRIAGE A-LA-MODE.

"Oh! you exquisite creature! you transcendent incarnation of loveliness! could Venus herself have been more perfect, she had been less pleasing! Radiant and witching girl, my heart bows to thy sovereign beauty! How gracefully she steps forth—how nobly she carries her head, conscious of empire—how elegantly she disposes that favoured shawl around the living ivory of her swelling shoulders! Alas! she is gone, and I am divided from the heaven of her presence!"

Of such shape were my thoughts, on one most particular Tuesday evening, as I stood (by the rarest accident in the world) among the throng at the pit-entrance of the King's Theatre, surveying the various deposits made at that inviting *embouchure* by the vehicles which successively drew up. The mental inanity I had previously felt (in common, I dare say, with the rest of the crowd) was banished by the first glance at the fair being indicated in the above faint apostrophe. When she had alighted, and entered the house (with two elderly persons, her companions), I stood transfixed (as far as the undulation of the crowd would let me), and her image filled my mind to its utmost capacity. Never had I beheld human form so enchanting! never before had I made so instant a surrender of my heart! Oh! those envious walls, interposing their eclipse between the sun of her charms and my poor external sense! Should I enter, and so partake of the light of gladness else denied? I felt my right-hand pocket, and my present funds were not below the requisite half-guinea. I rushed into the hall of the temple of harmony.

"Pay here, sir."—"Oh! by all means—there."—"Stay, sir—won't do—not dressed—mustn't go in—out of the question, sir."

True it was that my costume was of a non-conforming character: a green coat with gilt buttons, a parti-coloured cravat, and drab *smalls*, with elongators *en suite*, were not within the pale of even the lax code which preceded Mr. Monck Mason's. There was no course but to retire—which I did with a heaviness that doubtless stamped on the man's attention the extra fact of my "walking shoes." I could not have denied that I was no figure for the occasion—yet, with the obstinacy of thwarted feeling, I regarded that man at the moment as the most hateful of all "exclusives."

I stood again among the out-of-doors company, my person jostled about as much as my uncertain mind. Should I go home, and qualify myself to return? I lived at the farther end of Cheapside; but what of that?—I was engaged at my musical club, and they had no other first flute.—Well, there was *something* in that—and yet—

Here I was shaken out of the *adhesive* part of my perplexity by the peremptory "move on there!" of a surly sentry, who seemed determined to prove himself "a full private," by the rigorous enforcement of his brief authority. I turned away from the door, as Adam turned from that of Paradise!

My way back to the City presented nothing but the all-absorbing

idea of the beauteous unknown, save when some porter's burden brought its nuisance into the neighbourhood of my eye, or an unforeseen passenger roused me by the shock of passing collision. Oh! that fair concentration of nature's best attributes! Shall I describe her? A height, which just touched the point of dignity, and went not a hair's breadth beyond—a form, which no sculptured modification of Phidian marble had presented a rival to—eyes of an intense azure—lips of a pure carnation—complexion, lustrous as a vernal atmosphere—looks, heaven's own interpreters—and hair (I am particular in hair), of that hue which is the attributes of Phœbus's locks, which is most reflective of glorious light, which is most participant of gorgeous gold—I mean *auburn*; such were her native charms—charms which no dress could enhance, and, therefore, I will not dwell upon her dress. Her voice—my ears had caught a few tones of its silver effusion—might have defeated the opium-eater's impression of the syren, Grassini. To my raptured fancy, every object I had seen in connexion with her acquired a more elevated character: the respectable pair who accompanied her appeared like a couple of superior intelligences; the hackney-coach, from which she had descended, seemed to brighten into a similitude of Cinderella's fairy-chariot; and the very rabble, who had beset the doors, acquired a semblance of higher station and more harmonious demeanour.

I have never been able fully to explain to myself, why I did not go back after I reached my lodgings, and try, in re-considered costume, to place myself in contiguity with the object of my sudden but fixed adoration. I did commence laying out some matters from my wardrobe; but a baneful doubt, the blight of genial impulses, checked my hand and chilled my purpose. Why should so honest a thing as love be diffident? I know not; but I put back my "purple and fine linen" into their lavendered places, took up my flute, and walked—not to the scene of enchantment, but to my club in Billiter-lane.

I was usually the life and centre of this little civic knot of practising musicians, and, I *will* say, was instrumental in qualifying oftentimes, into something not absolutely shocking to humanity, the distempered sounds which they jointly emitted, in common, perhaps, with such amateur societies generally. That evening, however, I was as dull as a dromedary, while my flute,

"Straining harsh discords and displeasing sharps,"

was as dissonant as the best of them. Even Mr. Cheekes, our clarionet-player (who was always out of tune), complained of me for violation of harmony, and taxed me with "spoiling the effect." The horn-player, too, a German of the name of Puffendorf, who was himself invariably a quarter of a tone flat, had the impertinence to "blow me up." This roused my temper: I told the mal-administrator of the horn that he was a fellow of brazen habits, and below what he pretended to; and I am afraid I forgot myself so far as to threaten to "knock the wind out of him." A "suspended harmony" was the result for the evening, leaving me to return home with my head full of anger; for in my *heart* there was no room for it, owing to the fair image that held full possession there.

Oh, what a night I then passed ! It was a vision with unclosed eyes, a waking dream of brightness in the midst of darkness. As I lay all consciously entranced, and gazed in fancy on my lovely incognita, my peerless Opera-visitant, "She is herself," I whispered to my pillow, "nature's *opera-prima* !"

I rose the next morning like a captive ; for I felt that the truest liberty, that of the heart, had left me ; and then, in renewed force, there was the cruel thought that my enslaver was not accessible—that she, the gaoler of "my bosom's lord," was absent with the keys of my *chest*—absent I knew not where, and, perhaps, never to return and give release ! This depressing idea haunted me at my breakfast, which was any thing but a light meal, although what I ate was but a mere nothing. I did manage to mumble through a muffin : but it seemed to hang like a dead weight at my heart, from whence not all the influence of two large cups of strong tea could avail to dislodge it. Sorrowfully I took up my hat, and walked to my daily occupation, that of confidential clerk to a colonial house in Bishopsgate-street Within.

It were needless to say how much the vague and dreamy notions inspired by Cupid, the deity of distraction, are at variance with counting-house habits of business. The plumed arrows from the quiver of that perverse little divinity will not run parallel with the feathered implement which the goose gives forth from her quivering wings. When the head is busy in the service of the heart, it resents being summoned to any other employ. When love comes in at the door, business jumps out of the window. In short, I could do nothing all that day at my desk, at least, nothing which could (to use the established phrase) "give satisfaction." The head of the firm, who had his eye on me, was astonished at my absence. Hitherto, notwithstanding the innate enthusiasm of my temperament, I had yielded, with no bad grace, to the discipline of City habits, insomuch that my very nature seemed "subdued to what it worked in." The regularity of a dial, the despatch of a mail-coach, and the penetration of a corkscrew had been hitherto my characteristics : the present contrast was not likely to escape the notice of Mr. Marks, our principal. He spoke (for the first time with *justice*) in terms of acceleration. I mended my pen, and its pace too ; but the progress made was at the expense of errors too glaringly obvious. It was a heavy post-day, and the letters to correspondents formed, as usual, my department of duty. Some of the mistakes and substitutions which I made, derived as they were from the immediate state of my faculties, were entirely too absurd : I shall, therefore, not expose myself by mentioning them ; but will only add that nothing escaped Mr. Marks, who, indeed, had no slight trouble in correcting the letters before he could sign them. But what to me was, at that moment, the displeasure of my principal ? Nothing—not the spurt of a pen ! In fact, *she* was my principal—she, the mysterious centre of my soul's attraction—and I almost disdained to recognize any other.

Upset as I was, there remained one uncertain hope of setting myself right again. The King's Theatre stood where it did, and the queen of my secret homage might again grace it with her exquisite presence.

Hard was the struggle to hold back my impatience till the next Opera night. Then, then was I at the portentous portal, with eye of hawk, and heart of dove. I had dressed myself (though *I* say it) unexceptionably, and was at the door almost as early as the self-important sentinels, and the semi-official, nondescript, ragamuffin hangers-on, who are wont to plant themselves at the spot. Every successive hackney-coach that drew up caused me a fresh palpitation of the heart, and a new dizziness of the head; till I was sick with expectation.

"Stand back, sir, and be d—d to ye. How can I open the coach-doors when you're a-shoving for'ard in this here sort o' manner?"

"There, there, never mind, my good man; there's a trifle for yourself."

"Thankee, sir; you're a gentleman. I say, Jack, twig his tights, and his swell squeeze!"

"Ah! there, there, there she is! Those auburn tresses, lovelier than the morn!—those shoulders, fashioned like the——! Miss! madam! I beseech you—one moment—nay—I implore——"

"Sir-r-r-r-r! If you're a gentleman, behave yourself *as such*!"

"Dear me, I really—now that you turn round—I beg pardon, madam—a thousand pardons—I took you for somebody else."

"If you don't take yourself off, I shall take you for an impertinent fellow, and treat you accordingly," was the reply of the male companion of the lady whom I had, on a first back-view, mistaken for the adorable object of my anxiety. The impetuosity of my feelings—the sudden rush of emotion, had certainly caused me to lay the hand of detention upon her somewhat more positively and abruptly than was altogether courteous, and I should probably have involved myself in a quarrel but for the confusion of the intervening throng, and the peremptory "move on there!" of the janitorial authorities.

When I had hovered about the spot till the racketty process of setting down the company seemed nearly at an end, I entered within the precincts, where I yet lingerly hoped to find my restorative in the discovery of *la belle inconnue*. Oh, how I longed, while I made the circuit of the pit, for the multiplied optics of Argus, aided by all the opera-glasses of all the company present! As it was, I strained my own poor pair of peepers, till they reproached me, by their aching, for the unwonted labour of the search-warrant, with which they were commissioned; but it was all in vain. Among fifty thousand heads I should have recognized, as I thought, those auburn tresses, the rich denotements of my bosom's empress, the fairest and surest index of her radiant presence; but, alas! they gleamed not on my yearning sense, they waved not to the summons of my earnest hope. In the anxious prosecution of my purpose, I believed I must at length have stared about me with an intensity provocative of strange conjectures; for I recollect an observation audibly whispered by an old lady with a Roman nose and green spectacles, to a younger lady sitting next to her. The words were "That poor man ought *not* to be here." Averted eyes on the part of those ladies whom I was led particularly to scrutinize, might also have told me that I was engaged in the awkward office of committing myself; but I took no note of any corrective indications. Strange to say, in the whole feminine

array that graced the pit, and the boxed partitions above, as far my eye could discern, I could not make out one individual woman with auburn hair, although of carotty ladies (I mean no offence) there was a sufficient number to make, if tied together, an entire bunch! Warmly as I admire, nay adore, auburn locks, I deprecate those of a carotty suffusion with the utmost powers of antipathy. Red hair is, with reference to auburn, the *reductio ad absurdum*, the spoiling of a good thing by excess: the one is the genial glow of a nature within bounds; while the other seems the ardent extravagance of we know not what: or, perhaps, it may be said that the one seems the representative of a beautiful idea, enthusiasm—the other that of a shocking one, anger. With these notions on capillary matters, I need scarcely say how deeply I was disappointed in the course of the scrutiny now described.

I went home in a state of semi-extinction, threw myself on my couch more dead than alive, and only revived in my sleep by dint of dreaming. Methought the beauteous Perdita (for so I christened her during my intelligent slumbers) floated or flitted before me, as spirits are signified to do, and gladdened with her golden locks the cold twilight of my mental state. After contemplating me with that aspect of benignity which female loveliness is alone privileged to express in its highest degree, she extended her arm movingly towards me, and uttered in accents emphatic, yet soft (while the cock was crowing in a contiguous back-yard), these three words—“*the morning herald!*” Having thus simply said, she began to recede with an ærial glide—a gentle undulation, a floating grace, was discernible in her unsubstantial vestments, and was responded to, in mysterious sympathy, by a waving movement of my bed-curtains—her looks and her locks appeared to beam with a new harmony of smiling light, and she vanished into thin air!

“She fled, I woke, and day brought back my night!”

The disquiet of my feelings was very little soothed by this singular vision, however placidly conducted—for what was its tendency, what its interpretation? A benignant purpose was to be inferred from the gracious manner of the sweet visitant—but what purpose? I was tossed and whirled in the clouds of conjecture. Could my dear Perdita (too late revealed to me, and lost too soon) have paid the debt of nature, and only glanced again upon this sorrowful earth as a monitress to myself—a moral messenger on my unworthy behalf? Was this likely on so slender an acquaintance? True, she was as familiar to me, through mental mediation, as any object that I most cherished; but then she had but once (in body corporate) set eyes on me, and how did I know (not being a vain young man) that she had ever thought of me afterwards? At all events, if it was her spirit that had now come, disembodied, on a reforming mission, why not tell me so? I preferred much, however, to indulge the idea that it was “a spirit of health,” a spirit belonging to a living earthly tenant, how far soever it might have wandered from its owner. I ventured to hope that it *might* have so wandered for the purpose of

directing me to that owner, its adorable mistress. But then, why not speak plainly in the indicative mood, and *give me her address* at once? Had the ambassadorial spirit forgotten part of its errand on the way—chilled into oblivion, perhaps, by the night-air, or scared by the shout of some homeward-bound bacchanalian? The words it *had* uttered could surely have nothing to do with its commission? To say, at the moment when the cock was exerting his throat, “the morning herald!” was to say nothing at all. I knew well enough before that chanticler was known by that periphractic *alias*. As a person of good education, and of more reading than is the wont of modern clerks, I could not be ignorant of a thing which was, *au reste*, sufficiently obvious of itself.

These and other like and unlike speculations but added to the nervous and fidgetty state which had now usurped me quite, and had entirely superseded that orderly routine of mechanical habit so essential to a civic situation. After all my efforts to qualify myself for counting-house employ by smothering all my school-acquired tendencies towards literature—after having, by the force of arithmetical progression, worked myself down, as I desperately thought and abjectly hoped, into a *machine*—behold all my labours overthrown, my clerkly aspirations nullified, my figures reduced to a cipher! Vainly and blindly had I proposed to harden my soul against all external motives, affections, senses, passions, and to devote all my bachelor energies to the unceasing service of Messrs Marks, Wheeler, Goudby, and Pennyfather. Alas! I was spoiled for that employ—wedded already—wedded to an image—to a *copy of a woman*, taken, it is true, from the life, but giving a mere shadow of the contentment to be expected from the original.

Oh! how anxiously did I linger through the several dragging days that followed that dream! How ardently did I long for some further vouchsafement, on each succeeding night, from the same darling source! But no, it came not. The slightest glimpse of it was denied to my aching suspense, although I strained every faculty to obtain that privilege, and even took a highly indigestive supper at last, in the half-frantic hope of increasing my predisposition to see any thing, or to dream any thing, that might favour my object.

Finding that nothing would do, and that in the mean while I could do nothing, I threw up my situation with Marks and Co., and renounced whatever advantages might belong to the machine-state, to wander forth like a wild animal, whithersoever I might list, but listless whither—Mr. Marks previously deducting a month’s amount from my salary on the score of deficient notice; by which act of cool arithmetic, by-the-by, the concern gained an immediate trifle, seeing that they engaged a person to fill up my place on the following day. It scarcely needs to be added that I withdrew also in disgust from the musical club. Once it had been a satisfaction, once a week, there to forget, in a “pastoral movement,” or an “air, with variations,” the dull reign of the civic monotonies. But now—now—I retained no idea of harmony, save with her whose image was

“Concordant with the life-strings of my soul!”

But I must not dwell, or I shall, perhaps, grow fatiguing ; and, indeed, as the mighty Avonian bard has it, " why should calamity be full of words ? "

In my daily wanderings forth, and goings hither and thither, to indulge my sad fancy with the ever-present image of my lost Perdita, and peradventure, by an anxious scrutiny of the passing thousands, to find her, I could obtain no clue to discovery, although my efforts that way led me into more than one little *fracas* in the kings highway. After some time I bethought me of a chance of communication by the newspapers. " If L. N. will kindly favour Q. Z. with the opportunity of a single interview, &c. " was a mode of refuge for the destitute which, to judge from its repeated occurrence (in those or similar terms) in the columns of the diurnals, might be expected to prove of some efficacy. In my case I could not commence with initials ; but I gave (in the *Times*) such a description of the dear desired as the now unchecked current of my poetical predispositions impelled me to, and ended with the promise that if the lady answering to the particulars named would appoint a meeting with the advertiser, she would " hear of something to her advantage. " The resource proved abortive—procuring me generally nothing but disappointment, and, in particular, the pain of an interview, not easily terminated, with five several ladies distinguished by *red hair*, that base counterfeit so quickly detected by all connoisseurs in the genuine original, auburn. Whether these young ladies thought that the colour employed in my advertisement was a mere substitute, by complimentary custom, for *red*, or whether they were really under the delusive, but by no means uncommon impression, that their own flaming tresses might bear an auburn interpretation, is a point beyond my power of deciding. All I know is, that they *answered* my advertisement, however little they corresponded with it. I bowed them out with all my disposable civility, but could scarcely afford, in my then condition, to pity them.

Nothing now seemed capable of saving me from that cruel and unusual fate—death from love at first sight. I am not going to be pathological about my symptoms and feelings, farther than to say that I had become as melancholy as a watch light, and as thin as a shotten herring. I had dropped nearly all my friends—for I found myself, in relation to them, very much in the predicament of Job—and was almost an isolated being. One rather elderly man, more cheerful than the rest (although a junior clerk in a hide and tallow house), used, however, to hunt me up of an evening, and try to divert the busy sadness of my thoughts.

" What is the use, " said at length this good-natured pen-driver—" what is the use of you wasting yourself thus in pursuit of a shadow ? You roam about the town like a figure of eight, going in and out and coming back again to where you begin. You keep up a running account with the house of Hope (he spoke figuratively), but when you come to strike a balance, you'll find the account is a *Flemish* one—all against you. I'll tell you what, now : since it seems you can't be a man again and settle to the desk, you had better marry. "

" Doleman, " replied I, with emphasis, " this universal globe in-

cludes in its vast cincture but one created being with whom I would associate my condition."

"For my part," he rejoined, "I know very little of the matter—never had time, you know, to think of them—but I should suppose one woman to be much the same as another."

"Ah, Doleman! herein you speak indeed without instruction, being of the City, civic."

"Never mind that. I see plainly enough that *you* will never be fit for any thing till you're matched. You're but a *cipher* now: put a female *unit* before you, and you'll make a respectable figure, eh?"

"Psha! you know I go into no society, supposing even that I *could* for a moment tolerate an idea of conjugation, in which my Perdita had no part. You know I don't."

"Wheugh! There's another way of arranging the business. It is what I shall do, if ever my salary should allow me to think of a wife—and you know I am not fifty yet. It's merely this—a regular, accurate, matter-of-business, straight-forward plan—*Advertise* in one of the papers."

"Advertise! Pooh! I've had enough of advertising. Haven't I signally failed to discover my lost enchantress through that very channel, although the description I gave of her was as clear as a bill of parcels?"

"Nay, but don't be so unreasonably limited in your speech. See if you can't find another as good or better than her that you're so unsettled about. Try the "*Morning Herald*."

The *Morning Herald*! The words vibrated through my ears with an impulse full of new significance. The spirit of my lost love, when its thrilling and departing accents left with me those three abiding words, perchance indicated by them the very means of access to my living but latent treasure! 'Twas the broad sheet dotted o'er with the signs exponent of the morning's news, that was meant by those precious syllables, and *not* the matin bird of the shrill clarion, *not* the gallinaceous disturber of spirits and of men! 'Twas the newspaper and *not* the cock! Yes, it might, could, should, and *must* be so!

I thanked my friend and hurried him off, being impatient to be left to my own meditations on this new inlet to the tide of hope. "Yes, thought I," as I fell into conversation with my pillow, "I will try the *Morning Herald*, but only in the hope of finding a clue to the 'whereabouts' of my Perdita!" In a happier mood of mind, which somehow connected my amative thoughts with Goldsmith and pastoral poetry, I sank into a slumber, and deliciously dreamed of walking with my Perdita, amid the soft-breathed odours, and the bowery recesses of

"Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain!"

Ere I despatched a hasty breakfast next morning, I imagined, composed, rough-drafted, and fairly copied out the momentous announcement which was to serve (so my heart throbbingly suggested) as the lamp to light me to long-desired felicity. In the description it contained of my own moral and physical advantages, it were immo-

dest to say that no exaggeration prevailed ; for I felt that it was a matter both of course and of necessity to write up to the fixed standard of matrimonial advertisements generally. As for my *wants*, the lady was required to possess certain stated personal qualifications, which were in fact precisely those of my adored Perdita ; whilst the quite unusual intimation was added, that *money was no object* (for indeed I was in the mood to hug poverty itself, if it should prove to be one of *her* attributes) ; and it was particularly requested in a P.S. that, in order to save trouble, no absolutely *red-haired* lady would apply. In tip-toe expectation I tripped along to Catherine-street. Five-and-twenty shillings were demanded for my advertisement ; for I found it was the custom to tax hymeneal aspirants at a somewhat higher rate than people of ordinary business—perhaps because they are discovered to be regardless of expense. But let that pass.

As the two-penny post time advanced, my agitation was excessive. Not being a vain man, I am afraid to say how many answers I received to my advertisement. I have destroyed nearly twenty ; and the remainder—but no matter. To their credit, be it said, they (the respondents) did not *all* lay claim to every charm specified in the requisition. They invariably, however, (with *one* exception) warranted their capability of becoming excellent and truly affectionate wives.

Several of the letters resulted in interviews with the fair epistolizers. Alas ! all the tremours of previous suspense were rewarded in these cases with nothing beyond the confirmation of a vexatious fact—that of the imperturbable obtrusiveness of red hair. And then three of the parties, in spite of the evidence of my burning eyes, *would* stand me out that their hair was *not* red ! Was this the innocence of self-delusion, or the wilfulness of desperation ?

I was now again preparing to sink into despondency ; but that one reply which I have above alluded to, as specially differing from the rest, was yet unresponded to. Its laconic dignity, however lady-like, had perhaps a little offended *my* sense of importance. Should I nevertheless appoint an interview with the fair principal ? I did so—and oh ! raptures of heaven upon earth—I beheld, in full bodily presence the sweet, unconscious monopolist of all my affections—my peerless Perdita, with all her charms about her, including, in luxuriant pre-eminence, those incomparable auburn tresses !

Having arrived at such a climax, I can scarce descend into subsequent particulars. The story of my passion and its romantic endurance through every obstacle was not thrown away upon her, who was the adorable object of it. We were married the next day. To describe my happiness would be to portray paradise—I have no terms for it.

I am not a superstitious man ; but after *such* a passage in my life, *can* I refuse to think that visions are less visionary than they are commonly taken for ? No : I certainly am now for Dr. Johnson and a moderate faith in dreams. Neither shall I be henceforward insensible to the impression of curious coincidences ; for it is a decided instance of this nature that the real name of my bride proved to be Catherine, in remarkable accordance with that of the street where it is well known the *Morning Herald* yields its daily oracles to the world. Rich

in the possession of my Catherine, I can hardly bring myself to make any mention of "metal *less* attractive." She has, however, in monetary means, nearly two hundred a-year, derived from her deceased parents, and husbanded for her till lately by that very respectable old gentleman (her guardian), with whom and his wife she had chanced to be on the identical evening when I first beheld her at the pit entrance of the King's Theatre.

If I have now renounced for ever the trammels of City clerkship, and the martyrdom of desk and ledger, it is not *wholly* on the strength of my dear Catherine's property. I have, in fact, expectations from a distant aunt—but let that pass—and I have thoughts of attempting to write something for the about-to-be regenerated British stage—something pertaining, in short, to the legitimate drama.

Experience confers the best title to give advice. If any respectable young man, of taste and capacity for a domestic life, but not having the ordinary opportunities of getting married, should particularly wish to do so, I would say unto him, "Advertise in a respectable newspaper." Since the success attendant on my own experiment, I have been led to make some rather nice inquiries on this delicate subject, and I learn that among the papers whose columns lend particular support to the altar of Hymen, the *Sunday Times* occupies a distinguished place. I would, however, decidedly say, in the words of my friend Doleman, and in the spirit of my own feeling, "Try the *Morning Herald*!"

SONNET.

BY SIR EGERTON BRYDGES.

THE WAVE OF TREES BY TWILIGHT.

Shook by the wind the trees wave awefully,
And bend their branches in the twilight air;
They seem to whisper solemn mystery,
And tidings of half-hidden warning bear.
Is there a Seer who plainly can descry
What secrets of our fate they would declare?
Th' obeisance low, the flutter and the sigh,
The semblance of a prophet's murmurs wear.
And now the light grows strong, and in the glare
Of day-beams they put off their witchery!
'Tis in the dark or twilight spirits dare
The magic of their fearful arts to try!
But fearful though they be, the visions seem
To trick me thus, as in a fairy dream!

HISTORICAL BALLADS.—No. II.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

"The White Rose o' Scotland."

LAMENT ye maidens a',
Frae Athol to the main,
For the White Rose o' Scotland
You'll never see again :
Your bonnie Katie Gordon,
The flower o' a' her kin,
Now weeps a lanely widow,
A foreign hold within.
Then greet, O greet for me, ladies !
Greet, O greet for me !
For here I lie in prison strong,
An' a baby on my knee.

O, he is a bonnie boy,
Of royal mien and eye ;
Yet he is styled a traitor,
And cruelly doomed to die.
There's nae e'e in heaven hee,
There's nae e'e below,
To pity a poor widow,
Held by her deadly foe.
Then greet, O greet for me, ladies ! &c.

O ! gin I had the wings
Of the eagle or the dove,
To bear away my bonnie brood
Unto the land I love !
But I will cherish hope,
Forlorn although I be,
That the gracious Queen o' England
Will some day pity me.
Then greet, O greet for me, ladies ! &c.

Dear Scotland ! fare ye weel ;
Fareweel sweet banks o' Spey !
My youthfu' joys are faded
For ever and for aye.
My bonnie baby's smile
Sae thrills my heart wi' pain,
That the towers o' Castle Gordon
I'll never see again.
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SCOTTISH POETRY.*

IN James the First's writings, we see the commencement of the Scottish rustic poetry ; his "Peblis to the Play," written in the early uncouth, northern verse, is full of rural festivity and glee, everywhere distinguished for its quiet pleasant humour, and easy, harmonious lines ; the former, so unexpected in the writings of a royal bard—and the latter, so unlooked for, when we consider the barbarous period in which the Poet wrote ; a period in which little but rapacity and cruelty prevailed.

Before King James, Scotland could boast of no lyrics, or poetry of a pure descriptive kind ; the "Bruce" of Barbour, and the "Wallace" of Blind Harry, are, in fact, the only poems the country could speak of. Though pieces of great merit, they tincture rather strongly of fictitious Guy of Warwick adventures, peculiar to the writer's superstitious age, they may be called chronicles in verse of the true and fabulous deeds accomplished by, and awarded to, existing heroes, and can make little or no pretensions to the higher classes of poetry. Imaginative poetry, of a very high kind, came into Scotland with Dunbar, Gawain Douglas, and Sir David Lyndsay ; the Thistle and the Rose of the former may, for poetic beauty of expression, be placed with almost any piece of Chaucer's ; in truth, Dunbar had a true feeling for poetry, as very many of his poems clearly show. From the death of Chaucer till, according to Sir John Denham,

"Like Aurora Spenser rose,"

we "Southrons" can bring forward none that have any pretensions to be called poets ; while Scotland produced many great men, we had only the names of Lydgate and Gower !

It is a singular circumstance that the next, and very successful cultivator of the rustic muse, was James the Fifth—his "Christ's Kirk on the Green," his two songs, the "Gaberlunzie Man," and the "Jolly Beggar," by many degrees surpass the productions of his royal ancestor. No songs partake so much of true drollery and fun ; their graphic power even the wondrous muse of Burns never excelled. There is a vividness and glutting humour of language about them impossible for mortal to surpass ; the Gaberlunzie man's introduction to the Gudewife's daughter is inimitable :—

"The night was cauld, the carle was wat,
And down ayout the ingle he sat ;
My'daughter's shouthers he 'gan to clap,
And cadgily ranted and sang ;"—

a picture so powerfully described, that no painter has skill to draw up to it.

The coarseness and vulgarity so strongly shown in the songs of the

* The Works of Robert Burns, with Life, by Allan Cunningham, in 6 vols. Vol. I. London : Cochrane and M'Crone.

fifth James, we find lost in the verse of his immediate successors, Alexander Scott and Montgomery; tenderness and sweetness appear to have taken the place of broad graphic humour, and feebleness stepped forward instead of strength.

As yet the Scottish muse had given us but small expectations of our ever seeing a lofty noble-minded spirit step from the plough, and astonish us with his enchanting ditties; we had been taught to look for life and glee in the high born and courtly. The rustic poetic maid frequented the courts and palaces of the great more than the plough-tail and the village ingle. It was not a love of low life that excited the royal bards to give their composition the pure breath of the country. The exploits and night adventures in which the fifth James was frequently engaged, were entered into rather for the love of seeing the happiness of his subjects, and releasing his mind from the gorgeous splendour of his courts, than a real affection for low ill-bred company; his "gauding wi' the lassies" was more imaginary than real;—the first James Stuart probably observed the superiority of nature over art, home-born truth to mere affectation, the "reaper and the waving corn" to the tinselled glitter of tournaments and camps.

With William Drummond, of Hawthornden, a taste for the polish of the Italian school of poetry entered into the Scottish literature; like our English Howard, of Surrey, he had, by travelling much abroad, become acquainted with the writings of Petrarch, Dante, and Ariosto; many of the sonnets which have been left to us clearly show an extensive knowledge of Petrarch's art, and the refinement of versification in his noble panegyric, "The Forth Feasting," entitles him to be considered as an early cultivator of melodious lines. Waller informed Dryden that he owed whatever harmony his numbers had to the translation of Tasso by Fairfax, so that in our Elizabethian poets much of the smoothness of Denham and Waller may be traced on very good authority.

In Ramsay and Fergusson we have too well known forerunners of Burns; lyrics were poured out by the former equally good, and in greater profusion than before; but it is not in the songs of Ramsay that we see much of Burns—the "Gentle Shepherd" was the Ayrshire Bard's great favourite; in this the only true pastoral of nature is found—that poetic beauty of expression, and glowing flow of language, to attain which was all along Burns' greatest ambition—an end he not only gained but surpassed. But to Fergusson,

"Whose glorious parts
Ill suited law's dry musty arts,"

we are chiefly indebted for many hints to the rustic muse of his noble successor.

Burns rose like a sun on a winter morning, to cheer the hearts of the noble and the humble. The "luckless star that ruled his lot" forced him to come before the world as an author; compelled, not so much to gratify his love of ambition, as with the hope that the publication would bring money enough to convey him over the Atlantic. Thus, Burns was given to his country at a time when

"Hungry ruin had him in the wind;"

and he was on "the tiptoe to Jamaica," where he hoped the novelty of West Indian scenes would make him forget the contemptuous neglect of the world.

The works of Burns have run through editions and editions again, but not in the Poet's life-time. Success he certainly met with, but not the success he merited. Harley and Wolcot were hailed by the world as poets of the first order, while the Ayrshire ploughman was considered as an intruder on the mount of Parnassus, where only collegians had a right to sit and deal poetic licence. Burns' proud independent spirit was worn down to the ground by seeing the ignorant lordlings of the land, "a set of dull conceited hashes," elbowing the sons of genius from the places which nature had intended for them—by seeing villains and knaves ripen in "posts and pensions," while he was left to starve in wretched misery. At his death, his papers were left in heaps for the first comer; luckily, one fit for the task of carefully inspecting and editing them was found in Dr. Currie—a man with a true feeling for poetry, and the untimely fate of the poet. He wrote his life and edited his works in Liverpool, giving the profits to the author's afflicted family; and there are none who admire Burns, but must feel the generosity of Currie deeply. Cromek, with an all-searching eye, discovered many pieces of Burns' muse which had escaped the first editor, and published them under the title of the "Reliques of Robert Burns;" but no good chronological edition had appeared till Mr. Cunningham came forward, whose fitness for the task it is our duty, as critics, to discuss.

Allan Cunningham has, for a long period, been known to the world as a very successful song-writer. He next came forward as an editor of the songs of his native country, published in 4 vols., with critical examinations of the lyric poems, characters and notes, historical and illustrative. Though we are not always pleased with his alterations of the olden songs, yet he has often brought their meaning clearer, and exalted their poetical excellence nearer to lyric perfection; his characters are chiefly distinguished for honest impartiality, perfect knowledge of the author's works, and a general fitness from his own poetical powers. In his romances of "Paul Jones" and "Sir Michael Scott," his wildness of fancy generally oversteps the truth of nature; they partake more of the old English specimens given by George Ellis, than our modern mock romances. Mr. Cunningham's admirable "Lives of the Painters," written in the style of Johnson's "Lives," and suitable companions to them, conclude, with one or two exceptions, Mr. Cunningham's works. Our readers, who require any knowledge of Allan Cunningham, will, we should think, have gained now sufficient information of his fitness for appearing as an editor of Burns. Who could we find more adapted than a poet, a biographer, and a fellow-countryman, who knows more of Burns than any other we could select?

The penning of English biography, which Johnson so much lamented, cannot be regretted in the case of Burns. The ardent admiration of millions has collected all the knowledge of Burns' Life it is possible for us to possess: and these facts have been related by such men as Scott, Campbell, Jeffrey, Lockhart, Currie, and Dugald

Stewart ; so that it was merely left to some accomplished hand to give us all the information in a compact three hundred pages, which, we need hardly add, Mr. Cunningham has successfully done.

The same great writer who lamented our want of biographical materials, tells us that criticism has been used by most people in discovering the faults of the living and the beauties of the dead. In the former of these we fear the point is too true ; the hireling spirit that is every where shown so forcibly in the writings of the mere underlings of literature, and the irritability so characteristic of authors, causes the venom to fall in profusion from their mouths. The success of one writer generally brings forward the enmity of another. In a far different spirit from this we intend to run through a hasty narrative of Burns' life, adorning our skeleton sketch with some of Mr. Cunningham's pithy, interesting paragraphs, and offering such remarks of our own as we think will time in with the subject.

But first we should let Mr. Cunningham speak for himself :—

“ With something of hope and fear,” he observes in his short and manly preface, “ I offer this work to my country. I have endeavoured to relate the chequered fortunes, delineate the character, and trace the works of the illustrious Peasant with candour and accuracy : his farming speculations—excise schemes—political feelings—and poetic musing are discussed with a fulness not common to biography : and his sharp lampoons and personal sallies are alluded to with all possible tenderness to the living and respect for the dead. In writing the Poet's life I have availed myself of his unpublished journals, private letters, manuscript verses, and of well-authenticated anecdotes and traits of character supplied by his friends.”

Robert Burns was born on the 25th of January, 1759, in a clay-built cottage, raised by his father's hands, on the banks of the Doon, in Ayrshire. “ The auld claybiggin ” a few days after his birth was crushed in about his ears. “ The unconscious Poet,” Mr. Cunningham says, “ was carried unharmed to the shelter of a neighbouring house.” Of the supposed strong jacobitical feelings of the Poet's father, Mr. Cunningham speaks at length—an example not lost on Burns, for his biographer adds—“ The feelings of the Poet were very early coloured with jacobitism.”

Soon after the Poet's birth, William Burness leased a farm of a hundred acres called Mount Oliphant, an inhospitable spot, where he was not destined to succeed. In Robert's seventh year he removed to a larger farm, in the parish of Tarbolton : but here usual ill-success proceeded with him ; indeed, the Fates never intended William Burness should meet with prosperity.

The impediments which the youthful muse of Burns encountered have been detailed by many writers, and are known to all who are acquainted with either the author's misfortunes or his works. Burns' father was a steady, sober person, but met with no success in life ; like his son afterwards, he placed himself on a barren spot, where the stones very nearly concealed the mould. With all his trying circumstances, William Burness never failed to instil into his sons the duties of religion. He sent them to the neighbouring schools, where they were made to write, read, and cypher. Young Burns also began to read, he tells us, “ a little of the adventures of Telemachus, in Fene-

lon's own words."—But of French," Mr. Cunningham says, "he could have known little in a fortnight." From his studies he was called away to the harvest; still the Poet found time to read and admire some of Addison's writings, the History of Wallace's Acts and Deeds, and the Life of Hannibal.

But of all the books which he read at this period, the works of Allan Ramsay were the most likely to attract his attention; these, with the tales and songs which Jenny Wilson taught him, formed the man's after-mind. He pored over them driving his cart, or walking to his accustomed labour—"song by song, verse by verse, carefully noting the true tender or sublime from affectation and fustian."

Burns was now groping his way about, "unfitted with an aim;" he knew not which way to turn his hand; the labours of the field first made him acquainted with his own turn for poetry, where he had "a bonnie sweet sonsie lass" for his partner, "the tones of whose voice made his heart-strings thrill like an Eolian harp." He was so struck with her beauty, as he pulled "the cruel nettle-stings and thistles from her head," that he composed a song upon her. These are one or two of the verses:—

"O, once I loved a bonnie lass,
Ay, and I love her still,
And while that honour warms my breast,
I'll love my handsome Nell.

* * * * *

She dresses aye sae neat and clean,
Baith decent and genteel,
And then there's something in her gait
Gars ony dress look weel."

This was in his fifteenth year; "and thus," he says, "began with me love and poetry." Of this piece Lockhart said, that it contained "here and there lines of which he need hardly have been ashamed at any period of his life."

Speaking of Burns at this time, Mr. Cunningham writes:—

"He looked around, and saw no outlet for his ambition. Farming he failed to find the same as it is in Virgil—elegance united with toil. The high places of the land were occupied, and no one could hope to ascend save the titled or the wealthy. The church he could not reach without an expensive education, or patronage less attainable still. Law held out temptation to talent, but not to talent without money, while the army opened its glittering files to him who could purchase a commission, or had, in the words of the divine,

'A beauteous sister or convenient wife,'

to smooth the way to preferment. With a consciousness of genius, and a desire of distinction, he stood motionless, like a stranded vessel whose sails are still set, her colours flying, and the mariners aboard. He had now and then a sort of vague intimation from his own heart that he was a poet; but the polished and stately versification of English poetry alarmed and dismayed him: he had sung to himself a song or two, and stood with his hand on the plough and his heart with the muse."—p. 19.

While the Poet was full of these reveries of ambition, "both his mind and his body were in danger of being crushed, as the daisy was in the Poet's own immortal strains, beneath the weight of the

furrow."—p. 20. William Burness still continued in his great difficulties; and Robert, at the ages of fifteen and sixteen, was obliged to be the chief labourer in the farm, for his father's body was beginning to sink under sickness and sorrow.

In midsummer, 1781, in his twenty-second year, Robert was sent to learn flax-dressing; he still continued despairing of ever making a figure in the world; the pursuits he was engaged in little accorded with the talents which nature had given him. He wished to be at the bar, for there he imagined he would shine; indeed, wherever Burns had been placed, his genius would have broken out in some way or another. Flax dressing could not have suited his "whim;" but he was soon away from it, for the shop took fire during one of their carousals, and he was left, as he said, "like a true poet, without a sixpence."—His father died about this time. "Stubborn, ungainly integrity, and headlong, ungovernable irascibility," Burns said, "are disqualifying circumstances in the paths of fortune."

Soon after the death of the elder Burns, Robert and his brother Gilbert took the farm of Mossgiel, near Mauchline—of one hundred and eighteen acres "at an annual rent of ninety pounds;"—but, as Mr. Cunningham says,

"He who pens an ode on his sheep when he should be driving them forth to pasture—who stops his plough in the half-drawn furrow, to rhyme about the flowers which he buries—who sees visions on his way from market, and makes rhymes on them—who writes an ode on the horse he is about to yoke, and a ballad on the girl who shews the whitest hands and brightest eyes among his reapers—has no chance of ever growing opulent, or of purchasing the field on which he toils."—Pp. 25, 26.

The two brothers met with no success in the farm of Mossgiel—though Burns himself tells us that he read "farming-books, calculated crops, and attended markets;" all this was to no purpose; the first four years of the farm were wholly unprofitable. The frost lay very long on the ground, and the spring was late; so that they were obliged to give up the farm with the loss of a considerable portion of their original stock. Mr. Cunningham has a copy of "Small on Ploughs,"—with "Robert Burns, Poet"—written in, but no memoranda. It is likely that he thought more of poetry than farming: in the one he saw distinction, in the other mere quiet undistinguished homeliness;—in those days he delighted in scribbling on bank notes, and writing with a diamond on drinking glasses, on which he boasted of his love for drinking, and desired to be remembered as a great debauchee. His love for distinction was so great, that he joyed in having an illegitimate child, adopting at the same time for his motto, "The mair they talk, Im' kenn'd the better."

The first pieces which brought Burns into notice were written upon the Old and New Light Controversy. The Poet sided with the "New Light-ites," for, as Mr. Cunningham tells us, "he was not educated closely in the tenets of Calvinism; and his own good sense taught him that faith without works was folly."—Moreover, "Gavin Hamilton, of whom he held his lands, was a martyr in the cause of free-agency;" but the greatest reason that can be advanced is, that

Burns loved liberty of speech, and his own morals were not over pure; one side wished for "humility," the other for free-will.

The satiric labours of Burns in aid of the New Light, were "The Holy Tulzie," "Holy Willie's Prayer," "The Kirk's Alarm," and "The Ordination," all sufficiently caustic, but written on subjects of a temporary nature, therefore, possessing little attraction to many of his readers; indeed, the poet wished these controversial pieces to die. "The Ordination" alone was admitted into his works. The poems that brought Burns into notice are now little heeded.

"These satiric rhymes established the fame of Burns in his native place: his company was now courted by country lairds, village lawyers, and parish school-masters, and by all persons who had education above common, or kept some state in their household." P. 58.

And Mr. C. adds that he was

"pointed out at church and at market, and peasant spoke of him to peasant as a wild witty lad, who lived at Mossiel, and had all the humour of Ramsay, and more than the spirit of Fergusson."—P. 59.

We subjoin the biographer's description of Burns at this period;—

"His large dark expressive eyes; his swarthy visage; his broad brow, shaded with black curly hair; his melancholy look, and his well-knit frame, vigorous and active—all united to draw men's eyes upon him. He affected, too, a certain oddity of dress and manner. He was clever in controversy; but obstinate, and even ferce, when contradicted, as most men are who have built up their opinions for themselves. He used with much taste the common pithy saws and happy sayings of his country, and invigorated his eloquence by apt quotations from old songs or ballads. He courted controversy, and it was to this period that Murdoch, the accomplished mechanic, referred, when he told me that he once heard Burns haranguing his fellow-peasants on religion at the door of a change-house, and so unacceptable were his remarks that some old men hissed him away. Nor must it be supposed that, even when listened to, he was always victorious.—'Burns, sir,' said one of his old opponents, 'was a 'cute chield and a witty, but he didna half like to have my harrow coming owre his new-fangled notions.'—Pp. 59, 60.

The fame which the New Light verses brought to the poet, led him to think very much of himself; he gave his manners a brush, and resolutely set about altering his name from Burness to Burns, and put his name also as Poet in many of his books. The last time that the Bard wrote his name Burness (which Mr. Cunningham could discover) was on the 10th of March, 1786; and his biographer thinks that up to this period "he imagined he had achieved nothing under the name of his father deserving to live."—P. 66.

This remark may be very true, but Burns before March, 1786, had written many of his best epistles in verse to Smith, to Lapraik, and to Sillar; his "Address to the Deil" was written in the winter of 1785; and "Death and Dr. Hornbook" was the offspring of the same year. Either the biographer or the Poet were unfortunate in their judgment.

In 1784, Burns became acquainted with Jean Armour, and about the same time, or a little after, with "Highland Mary." Mary

Campbell, was a native of Ardrossan. Unlike Burns' other heroines, she appears to have had many personal attractions.

"That she was beautiful, we have other testimony than that of Burns: her charms attracted gazers, if not wooers, and she was exposed to the allurements of wealth. She withstood all temptation, and returned the affection of the Poet with the fervour of innocence and youth."—Pp. 88, 89.

We extract what Mr. Cunningham has said of Miss Armour:—

"To the charms of Jean Armour I have already alluded. This young woman, the daughter of a devout man and master-mason, lived in Mauchline, and was distinguished less for the beauty of her person than for the grace of her dancing and the melody of her voice. Burns seems to have been attached to her soon after the loss of his Highland Mary. How the Poet and his Jean became acquainted is easily imagined by those who know the facilities for meetings of the young which fairs, races, dances, weddings, house-heatings, and kirk-suppers afford; of the growth of affection between them it is less easy to give an account."—Pp. 90, 91.

Love and poetry, now, Burns began for a time to throw aside, and of

"The threshers' weary flinging tree,"

he had become tired. The farm did not prosper with him, and he longed to try his hand at something congenial. To make three pounds perform the duty of five, Burns and all men have found impossible. It was at this period that he thought of going to Jamaica. Mr. Cunningham has spoken of this part of his history with great feeling:

"But bodily discomfort was not all: he might, to use his own language, have braved the bitter blast of misfortune, which, long mustering over his head, was about to descend; but sorrows of a tender nature, from which there was no escape, came pouring upon him in a flood.

"In protracted courtship there is always danger; prudence seldom takes much care of the young and the warm-hearted: Jean was not out of her teens, and thought more of her father's ungentleness than of her own danger; the Poet's respect for sweetness and innocence protected her for a while—but he was doomed to feel what he afterwards sung:—

" ' Wha can prudence think upon,
And sic a lassie by him?
Wha can prudence think upon,
And sae in love as I am !' "

"These convoyings home in the dark, and meetings under 'the milk-white thorn,' ended in the Poet being promised to be made a father before he had become a husband. This, to one so destitute and utterly poor as Burns, was a stunning event: but that was not the worst; the father of Jean Armour heard with much anguish of his favourite daughter's condition; and when, on her knees before him, she implored forgiveness, and showed the marriage lines—as the private acknowledgment of marriage without the sanction of the kirk is called—his anguish grew into anger which overflowed all bounds, and heeded neither his daughter's honour nor her husband's fame. He snatched her marriage certificate from her, threw it into the fire, and commanded her to think herself no longer the wife of the Poet."

We also add an extract from an unpublished letter to David Bryce, shoemaker, Glasgow; the mirthful mood in which he wrote the verses on his departure to the West Indies, is lost in this cheerless strain; the date is June 12, 1786:—

"I am still in the land of the living, though I can scarcely say in the place of hope. What poor ill-advised Jean thinks of her conduct, I don't know; but one thing I do know—she has made me completely miserable. No man loved, or rather adored, a woman more than I did her: and, to confess a truth between you and me, I do still love her to distraction after all. My poor dear unfortunate Jean! It is not the losing her that makes me so unhappy, but for her sake I feel most severely: I foresee she is in the road to, I fear, eternal ruin. May Almighty God forgive her ingratitude and purjury to me, as I from my very soul forgive her; and may his grace be with her and bless her in all her future life! I can have no nearer idea of the place of eternal punishment than what I have felt in my own breast on her account. I have tried often to forget her; I have run into all kinds of dissipation and riots, mason-meetings, drinking-matches, and other mischief, to drive her out of my head, but all in vain. And now for a grand cure: the ship is on her way home that is to take me out to Jamaica; and then farewell, dear old Scotland! and farewell, dear ungrateful Jean! for never, never will I see you more."—P. 99.

It was in this afflicting period of Burns' life (July, 1786), that he published a volume of poems at Kilmarnock, with the hope that he would be able to raise a little money to waft him over the Atlantic; and in "this trying hour of adversity," he found many friends to aid him; he threw off six hundred copies, "having got subscriptions for three hundred and fifty." The poems, he thought, "had merit, and it was a delicious idea to him that he should be called a clever fellow." The poet had judged rightly, the six hundred copies were soon disposed of; and "twenty pounds and odd remained in the pocket of the wondering bard, after defraying all expenses." "The first use," says Mr. Cunningham, "he made of his good fortune, was to renew his application for a situation in the West Indies." But his friends, Hamilton and Aikin, detained him with the hopes of a situation in the Excise, "an evil which awaited him on a later day." The fame of this volume soon spread far and wide; but nothing could be done for him.

"He now looked seriously to the West Indies, procured the situation of overseer on an estate in Jamaica belonging to Dr. Douglas, and prepared for departure. Of this all his friends seem to have been aware, but no one interposed. It was now the middle of November, and the sound which his poems had raised in the country began to die away."

The many follies he had been guilty of, Burns said, would prevent him from enjoying a situation in the Excise even if it could be procured; he determined still to go abroad, sent his chest on the way to Greenock, and wrote the last song he was to measure in Caledonia, when, "well for the world" and "perhaps unfortunate for Burns," an encouraging letter from Dr. Blacklock of Edinburgh arrived, that upset his Jamaica expedition, and made him turn his face towards

"Edina, Scotia's darling seat."

The hopes which Blacklock held out were that his poems were much sought after in Edinburgh, that a copy could not be procured, and advising that a larger impression should be immediately printed, while the sections of the author's friends would circulate copies everywhere. With these expectations, Burns proceeded on his way to Edinburgh.

The biography of Burns, Mr. Cunningham has divided into four parts;—Ayrshire—Edinburgh—Ellisland—and Dumfries;—we like this, because, in a long narrative, the account is likely to become tedious, and the mind and eye like to be relieved; the divisions of chapters, as in Mr. Lockhart's life of the Poet, come far too often; the parts are more to our taste.

The situation of Burns in Edinburgh was most remarkable: the way in which his company was courted, as the lion of the day, is not to be wondered at, for the "cry of the cuckoo" had not for a long while been heard so beautiful and so melodious; the hopes of Blacklock were not lost, for Burns had not been long in Edinburgh before two thousand eight hundred and odd copies of his poems were subscribed for, by about fifteen hundred subscribers; and—

"Cards to invite, flew by thousands each night,"

from the titled and mighty of the land. Even the dullest owned the attractions of genius.

What a strong and vivid picture of Burns returning from the balls of the high-born and courtly to his own sanded floor has Mr. Cunningham given us!—

"Those who were afraid that amid feasting and flattery—the smiles of ladies and the applauding nods of their lords—Burns would forget himself, and allow the mercury of vanity to rise too high within him, indulged in idle fears. When he dined or supped with the magnates of the land, he never wanted a monitor to warn him of the humility of his condition. When the company arose in the gilded and illuminated rooms, some of the fair guests—perhaps

‘Her grace,
Whose flambeaux flash against the morning skies,
And gild our chamber ceilings as they pass,’

took the hesitating arm of the bard; went smiling to her coach, waved a graceful good-night with her jewelled hand, and, departing to her mansion, left him in the middle of the street to grope his way through the dingy alleys of the 'gude town' to his obscure lodging, with his share of a deal table, a sanded floor, and a chaff bed, at eighteen pence a week."—p. 131.

This is sufficiently wretched; but Burns' eyes were not open to these invitations that arose "from a wish to relieve the ennui of a supper table, where the guests were all too well-bred to utter any thing strikingly original or boldly witty." With all these gay gilded parties, it is gratifying to hear that Burns found time to write some excellent poems; the "Brigs of Ayr" was the production of this period, as was also the "Address to Edinburgh," besides numerous beautiful lyrics.

Through the great success of his poems, Burns was enabled to make three tours into the highlands, and one to the border; of all which he kept journals, and from some, as yet unpublished, Mr. Cunningham has given us many highly pleasing extracts.

Through Lord Glencairn and Mr. Grahame of Fintray, Burns also obtained a situation in the Excise, worth thirty-five pounds a year; and on the 13th of March 1788, after bargaining for Ellisland, he bade adieu to Edinburgh.

"The literati of Edinburgh were not displeased, it is likely, when he

went away ; nor were the titled part of the community without their share in this rejoicing."—p. 202.

The nobility of the land had done nothing for him, "they had proved that they had the carcase of greatness, but wanted the soul."

"He turned his back on Edinburgh, and from that time forward scarcely counted that man his friend who spoke of titled persons in his presence. Whilst sailing on pleasure's sea in a gilded barge, with perfumed and lordly company, he was, in the midst of his enjoyment, thrown roughly overboard, and had to swim to a barren shore, or sink for ever."

In April 1789, he reached Mauchline, and married his Mauchline Jean.—"Never man loved," he observes "or rather adored a woman more than I did her, and I do still love her to distraction." Professor Walker had been led into a belief that Burns married Jean Armour from a sentiment of duty rather than affection. This imaginary belief Mr. C. has successfully upset. Burns was wearied of the gay splendour of the Edinburgh dames, and married his Jean from pure, ardent love: indeed, he would have married her before his "Edinburgh expedition" had she not declared her intention of never seeing him again, and had he been sufficiently rich in this world's golden coin to have maintained her.

In the month of May 1788, Burns made his appearance as a farmer in Nithsdale ; the farm, amounting to one hundred acres, is

"part holm and part croft-land ; the former, a deep rich loam, bears fine tall crops of wheat ; the latter, though two-thirds loam and one-third stones on a bottom of gravel, yields, when carefully cultivated, good crops, both of potatoes and corn ; yet to a stranger the soil must have looked unpromising or barren ; and Burns declared, after a shower had fallen on a field of new-sown and new-rolled barley, that it looked like a paved street."

Poetry was still cultivated by Burns in the productions of "Tam O'Shanter," "The Whistle," and many of his best lyrics ; his Excise business went on smoothly through the continued kindness of Grahame, and the attention of Mitchell and Findlater ; but the farming went off sadly, and, in December 1791, it was generally known that he would relinquish Ellisland, and his merits as a farmer were eagerly canvassed by the husbandmen around—

"One imputed his failure to the duties of the Excise ; to his being condemned to gallop two hundred miles per week to inspect yeasty barrels, when his farm required his presence ; another said that Mrs. Burns was intimate with a town life, but ignorant of the labours of barn and byre ; a third observed that Ellisland was out of heart, and, in short, was the dearest farm on Nithsdale ; while James Currie, a sagacious farmer, whose land lay contiguous, remarked, when I inquired the cause of the Poet's failure:—'Fail ! how could he miss but fail, when his servants ate the bread as fast as it was baked, and drank the ale as fast as it was brewed ? Consider a little : at that time close economy was necessary to enable a farmer to clear twenty pounds a year by Ellisland. Now, Burns' handy-work was out of the question : he neither ploughed, nor sowed, nor reaped like a hard-working farmer ; and then he had a bevy of idle servants from Ayrshire. The lasses were ay baking bread, and the lads ay lying about the fireside eating it warm with ale. Waste of time and consumption of food would soon reach to twenty pounds a year.'"

and in this way he removed his wife and children, with his humble furniture, to a house in the Bank Vennel of Dumfries; he now only had the Excise to depend upon, the labours of which—

“led him along a barren line of sea-coast, extending from Caerlaverock-castle, where the Maxwells dwelt of old, to Annan water. This district fronts the coast of England; and from its vicinity to the Isle of Man, was in those days infested with daring smugglers, who poured in brandy, Holland-gin, tea, tobacco, and salt, in vast quantities.”

Still his pen continued to write with its wonted ease; he contributed many, very many songs to Thompson's Museum, and would receive no money for them; “to talk of money,” he magnanimously said, “would be downright prostitution of the soul.”

“From musing on woman's love and man's freedom, Burns was rudely awakened. An inquiry regarding the sentiments which he entertained and the language in which he had indulged concerning ‘Thrones and Dominations’ was directed to be made by the Commissioners of Excise, pursuant to instructions it is said received from high quarters. It will probably never be known who the pestilent informer against the Poet was; some contemptible wretch who had suffered from his wit or who envied his fame gave the information on which the Board of Excise acted, and he was subjected to a sort of inquisition.”

But it is pleasing to turn from this Excise examination, and we will do so by quoting part of an epistle to Graham of Fintray which is new to us, and we have to thank Mr. Cunningham for it. It is a capital companion to “The Twa Carlines.”

“ ‘Fintray, my stay in worldly strife,
Friend of my muse, friend of my life,
Are ye as idle's I am?
Come then wi' uncouth kintra fleg,
O'er Pegasus I'll fling my leg,
And ye shall see me try him.
I'll sing the zeal Drumlanrig bears,
Who left the all-important cares
Of princes and their darlin's,
And bent on winning borough-toons,
Came shaking hands wi' wabster loons,
And kissin' barefoot carlins.
Combustion through our boroughs rode,
Whistling his roaring pack abroad
Of mad unmuzzled lions;
As Queensberry's 'buff and blue' unfurled,
And Westerha' and Hopetoun hurled
To every Whig defiance.’

“The Poet then proceeds to relate how his grace of Queensberry forsook the contending ranks—

“ ‘The unmannered dust might soil his star;
Besides, he hated bleeding.’

but left friends, soft and persuasive, behind to maintain his cause and and Millar's :—

“ ‘M'Murdo and his lovely spouse
(The enamoured laurels kiss her brows)

Led on the Loves and Graces ;
 She won each gaping burgess' heart,
 While he, all conquering, played his part
 Among the wives and lasses.
 Craigdarroch led a light-arm'd core,
 Tropes, metaphors, and figures pour
 Like Hecla streaming thunder ;
 Glenriddel, skilled in mouldy coins,
 Blew up each Tory's dark designs,
 And bared the treason under."

Mr. Cunningham thus speaks of the corps in which Burns enrolled himself himself:—

"I remember well the appearance of that respectable corps ; their odd, but not ungraceful dress ; white kerseymere breeches and waistcoat ; short blue coat, faced with red ; and round hat, surmounted by a bearskin, like the helmets of our Horse-guards ; and I remember the Poet also—his very swarthy face, his ploughman-stoop, his large dark eyes, and indifferent dexterity of handling his arms."—Pag. 319.

In midsummer 1794, Burns removed from the house in the Bank Vennel to Mill-hole-brae, now called Burns-street ; and where Jean Armour the Poet's widow still resides :—

"Here he arranged his small library, fixed his table, and placed the chair on whose hind-legs, as he relates, he poised or swung himself, when conceiving his matchless lyrics. Here, too, I have heard his townsmen say, while passing by during a pleasant afternoon, they could see, within the open door, the Poet reading amongst his children ; while his wife moved about, set matters in order, and looked to the economy of her household."—P. 321.

But death was hanging over Burns, marking him for his prey : and of this he himself was conscious, by several letters to Thomson, his cousin, and Mrs. Dunlop ; indeed the letter to Mrs. Dunlop has been said to be the last words he wrote ; but Mr. Cunningham says,

"There are yet later, and of higher import and meaning. As the day of life darkened down, Burns began to prepare for the change : he remembered that he had written many matters, both in verse and prose, of a nature licentious, as well as witty. He sought to reclaim them, and in some instances, succeeded ; he had, when his increasing difficulties were rumoured about, received an offer for them from a bookseller ; but he spurned at fifty pounds in comparison of his fair fame, and refused to sell or sanction them. That such things were scattered abroad troubled him greatly ; he reflected that the mean and the malignant might rake them together ; and, quoting them against him, triumph over his fame, and trample on his dust. Perhaps he felt some consolation in believing that his other works transcended these so far in talent and in number, that the grosser would be weighed down, cast aside, and forgotten. What troubled him most was the imputations of disloyalty to his country, which had been thrown upon his character : he trembled, lest he should be represented as one who desired to purchase republican licence at the price of foreign invasion. He had defended his character and motives in a letter, uncommonly manly and eloquent, to Erskine of Mar ; but he had requested it to be burnt, and was not aware that it was fortunately preserved. He still retained the letter on his memory, and it was the last act of his pen to write it out fair, and with comments, into his memorandum-book."—P. 340.

This letter, which has hitherto been neglected by the biographers of the Poet, may be found in "Cromek's Reliques."

"Burns died July 1796. His interment took place on the 25th of July; nor should it be forgotten, in relating the Poet's melancholy story, that, while his body was borne along the street, his widow was taken in labour and delivered of a son, who survived his birth but a short while. The leading men of the town and neighbourhood appeared as mourners; the streets were lined by the Angushire Fencibles and the Cinque Ports Cavalry, and his body was borne by the Volunteers to the old kirk-yard, with military honours. The multitude who followed amounted to many thousands. It was an impressive and a mournful sight; all was orderly and decorous. The measured steps, the military array, the colours displayed, and the muffled drum—I thought then, and think now—had no connexion with a Pastoral Bard. I mingled with the mourners. On reaching the grave into which the Poet's body was about to descend, there was a pause among them, as if loth to part with his remains; and when the first shovel-full of earth sounded on the coffin-lid, I looked up, and saw tears on many cheeks where tears were not usual. The Volunteers justified the surmise of Burns by three ragged and straggling volleys; the earth was heaped up, and the vast multitude melted silently away."—P. 345.

We would gladly quote Mr. Cunningham's able and judicious critique on Burns, as a poet and a man; but the space we have already occupied precludes a more lengthened notice—we must hasten to conclude our remarks.

In writing the life of the Poet, Mr. Cunningham must have met with many obstacles and many advantages, owing to his coming after Currie and Lockhart. Currie was the first to draw attention to Burns' extraordinary career, and this he did in a pleasing and readable narrative, rather disfigured by commencing his own account with Burns' letter to Dr. Moore, then giving us Gilbert Burns' letter, then his own, and lastly Mrs. Riddells; but with these disfigurements, Currie pleased us many years back, and these delights are sometimes difficult to overcome, even when more correct narratives have been given to the world. In 1828, Mr. Lockhart's life appeared, laden rather heavily with "he says," and "she says"—and on that account confused and intricate; but the manly style in which it is written ought not to be passed over, and on the whole it is one of our finest pieces of biography. On the appearance of the life by Mr. Lockhart, the country seemed to say, "that they now had the life of Burns they required, and were content;" but this strong feeling in favour of Mr. Lockhart will, we think, be thrown aside, on a perusal of the life now under our notice; though in many places blemishes are apparent, they are rather the effect of general style, than a hastiness of composition, but these we are willing to look over—for they are to be found in every work, of whatever taste in the public estimation.

The lives of the Painters, Sculptors, and Architects taught us what to expect from Mr. Cunningham's Life of Burns, and the expectations which we raised, we are pleased to say, have not been disappointed; Mr. Cunningham's is by far the most correct of all the lives, and gives us the clearest view of Burns' afflicting situations; added to this that one-third of the volume is matter new to us, our readers will be disposed to think highly of what Burns' present biographer has done.

Though, sometimes we could differ from the character of Burns as a man, we could advance nothing to shew him in a different situation from what Mr. Cunningham has reasoned upon,—and where the point comes to a matter of opinion it is perhaps better for parties to be silent:—In Mr. C.'s view of Burns, as a poet, we cordially agree; the station which he has given him next to Shakspeare for manliness and ease, is what his writings merit; the daring boldness of Burns' genius would have fitted him to give laws to Parnassus,—his want of scholastic learning was what made him the great man.

“ A set of dull conceited hashes,
 Confuse their brains in college classes;
 They gang in stirks, and come out asses
 Plain truth to speak;
 And syne they think to climb Parnassus
 By dint of Greek!
 Gie me a spark o' Nature's fire,
 Thats a' the learning I desire;
 'Then, tho' I drudge thro' dub an' mire
 At plough or cart,
 My muse, tho' hamely in attire,
 May touch the heart.”

We have been entertained and instructed by the perusal of Mr. Cunningham's book, and we are bold enough to say, that we need never expect to see a biography of the great bard superior to the one now before us. It is but justice to those concerned in the mechanical portion of the work, to state that we have seldom seen a volume better or more tastefully executed.

LETTER FROM BRITTANY.

WHILST the pencil and the pen have been continually exerted to convey an adequate idea of the scenery of Switzerland and Italy, there are many places as rich in natural beauties, and scarcely inferior in historical associations, of which, comparatively speaking, little notice has been taken.

One of the most remarkable of these is the little town of Clisson, in Brittany, on the vicinity of which nature has lavished her choicest gifts, and which has been embellished by art with the most appropriate taste. It is not, however, mere picturesque scenery that gives Clisson a claim to the traveller's attention: there are associations connected with it, to the influence of which few can be insensible; for who is there that will not view with intense interest groves through which the beautiful, the faithful, the loving, and beloved Heloise has wandered; rocks which have echoed her sighs; and a stream whose glassy surface has reflected her lovely image?

It was during the summer of 1818 that I made a pilgrimage to this enchanting spot; and though ten years have since been passed in pursuits but ill calculated to preserve romantic feelings, the remembrance of the delight I experienced there is still vividly impressed on

my memory. Accompanied by an accomplished friend, I left Nantes early in the morning, and, after a delightful ride of three hours, reached Pallet, the birth-place of Abelard, to visit which was one of the objects of our excursion. Pallet is a village destitute of any thing remarkable, and derives its only interest from having been the birth-place of the hero of romantic love in 1079, and from being the retreat to which he conveyed Heloise during her confinement, when menaced with the vengeance of her incensed uncle. Here, under the care of Abelard's sister, Dionisia, she gave birth to a son, whose beauty suggested the name of Astrolabe. The site of the castle, which belonged to Berenger, the father of Abelard, is said to be a little cemetery at the back of the church, which is now marked by some mouldering walls; and it was during her sojourn there that she is presumed to have wandered to Clisson, three miles distant, and in its charming scenery to have found a temporary consolation for her absence from her lover. Having indulged in the associations which Pallet creates, we proceeded to Clisson.

Just before entering the town a partial view discloses some of the numerous beauties around it. The Sevre glides smoothly at the bottom of the valley, almost enclosed between two hills, whose summits form a boundary to the horizon. Towards the south, the town appears rising like an amphitheatre, the walls of the houses in which are so slightly elevated that they can scarcely be said to interrupt the view of the gently-sloping ascents; while the verdure appears almost to intrench on the tiled roofs, thus forming a variety of tints which harmonize perfectly. The gray walls of the ruins of an ancient castle form a prominent feature, over which the trees wave their branches, and shelter the traveller from the meridian sun. A little estuary flows at the back of the castle, which there discharges itself into the Sevre; and avenues of large poplars ornament the centre of the valley, whose undulating tops indicate the direction of the winds, which seldom disturb the tranquillity of the vale.

Clisson is situated at the confluence of the Sevre and the Moine, six leagues from Nantes. Before the Revolution it contained three thousand inhabitants, five churches, two priories, two convents, a chapter of canons, a hospital, and a court of justice which was under the jurisdiction of Nantes. The war of La Vendee obliged the inhabitants to desert the town, which was many times taken, and the houses reduced to ashes; but the two churches and an hospital still remain, and the population now consists of about twelve hundred persons. Traversing the banks of the Moine, a very short distance leads to an almost impenetrable thicket of chesnut-trees, and the river losing its tranquil character, rushes over the fallen rocks, which are heaped in wild confusion.

Returning to the town, the Grotto of Ossian becomes the chief object of attention. Shattered masses of granite strew the foreground, interspersed with the gray trunks of trees, the ramifications of whose branches form a canopy, which excludes the broad glare of daylight from the landscape; and paths, hewn out of the rocks, lead to a little labyrinth where the mingled heaps of varied soil bear witness to the early revolutions in the natural world. The Grotto is here conspicuous, and the descriptive scenery assists the illusion of the name, al-

though a cursory glance at the verdant carpet, decked with innumerable roseate gems, contrast strangely with the sterility of the Scottish wilds. The masses of rock which predominate here are perfectly in unison with the scenery: they divide themselves into enormous blocks, which, viewed in every position, present new beauties. Often are their summits concealed by flowering shrubs, while their bases are only discovered by the rushing of the river over those masses which have been hurled from the height above; and the roar of these waters alone interrupts the stillness of their solitude.

It is, however, in La Garenne, the seat of the late celebrated sculptor, Mons. Le Motte, that the traveller will derive the highest gratification. To approach it, the bridge of the town, and of that dedicated to St. Anthony, must be crossed, whence the conjunction of the rivers is discernible. A grove rises on the right bank which is crowned by a temple consecrated to Friendship, and which is introduced into the accompanying view. The hospital is also visible with its fertile garden forming a peninsula which the Sevre has left undisturbed; and the path, with some slight curves, follows the course of the river, which here almost stagnates, and its great depth impresses the beholder with awe: the very trees seem influenced by the tranquillity of their situation, the oaks let fall their huge branches into the river and appear to borrow the drooping elegance of the weeping-willow. On a massive block, close to the river's side, in a circle of rocks, are cut the appropriate verses which Jean Jaques Rousseau wrote on Ermenonville.

“ O limpide rivière ! O rivière chérie !
 Puisse la sotte vanité
 Ne jamais dédaigner ta rive humble et fleurie ;
 Que ton simple sentier ne soit point fréquenté
 Par aucuns tourmens de la vie ;
 Tels que l'ambition, l'envie,
 L'avarice, et le fausseté
 Un bocage si frais, un séjour si tranquille,
 Aux tendres sentimens doit seul servir d'asile ;
 Ces rameaux amoureux, entrelacés exprès,
 Aux muses, aux amours, offrent leur voile épais,
 Et ce cristai d'une onde pure,
 A jamais ne doit réfléchir,
 Que les graces de la nature,
 Et les images du plaisir.

Following a winding path, a gently rising slope leads to a natural grotto. It is here that the mind dwells most on Heloise, to whom, with great propriety, it is dedicated; and the lines which are inscribed on its side happily express the ideas which present themselves:

“ Héloïse peut-être erra sur ce rivage,
 Quand aux yeux des jaloux dérobant son séjour,
 Dans les murs du Pallet elle vint mettre au jour
 Un fils, cher et malheureux gage
 De ses plaisirs furtifs furtifs et de son tendre amour.
 Peut-être, en ce réduit sauvage,
 Seule, plus d'une fois, elle vint soupirer,
 Et goûter librement la douceur de pleurer ;

Peut-être, sur ce roc assise,
 Elle rêvait à son malheur,
 J'y veux rêver aussi: J'y veux remplir mon cœur
 Du doux souvenir d'Héloïse!"

In following the banks of the river many groups of rocks are perceptible; on the face of one of which is inscribed this forcible line,

"Sa masse indestructible a fatigué le tems."

The opposite hill appears in perspective; and the eye follows with pleasure the course of the Sevre, which, after a circuitous route, touches again the town of Clisson, and then flows under the arches of a distant bridge. If ruins be an absolute constituent of beauty in a landscape, they are here to be seen in perfection, for few can compete with those of the castle, which are never wholly lost sight of. Tracing the pathway through the narrow glen, a plain opens to the view, whose distinguishing feature is the Museum, which a Mons. Cacault established. Above this smiling plain is an antique tomb, with the simple and well-known inscription of Poussin—

"Et in Arcadia ego."

That great painter is said to have taken many of his scenes from this place, and the landscape in his picture of Diogenes breaking his cup, is an exact view of the castle of Clisson. Another prospect of equal interest succeeds; the Sevre divides itself into several estuaries which encircle numerous small islands: these estuaries are encumbered with innumerable rocks with islands clothed with verdure; and here a column strikes the eye which was originally placed in the castle of Madrid, built by Francis the First. Farther down the river recedes, and forms a bay embellished with shrubs and trees: this place is called Diana's bath; and the deep shade renders it a cherished retreat from the heat of the sun, while the sound of a neighbouring cascade gives an imaginary freshness to the air before its revivifying powers are actually felt.

A paper mill is another object of interest, with its groups of trees, and its cascade rushing over broken rocks, and whitening them with their foam. To the left, perpendicular masses of granite rise one above the other to a considerable height, and a circular edifice crowns their summit. The rude wildness of these masses forms a contrast to the elegant Grecian structure called "the Temple of Vesta," which commands the view, so magnificent as a whole, yet so simple in its details. A picturesque cottage, constructed of the rough trunks of trees cemented with mud and flints, is the last attraction which I shall notice: a shady and serpentine walk leads to two rocks which are nearly hidden by the thick foliage amidst which they stand, and on one of them is an inscription at once simple, elegant, and analogous to the sentiments which the cottage inspires:

"Consacrer dans l'obscurité
 Ses loisirs à l'étude, à l'amitié sa vie;
 Voilà les jours dignes d'envie!
 Etre chéri vaut mieux qu'être vanté!"

The castle of Clisson, which frowns majestically over the little town at its base, is now a beautiful ruin, bearing ample evidence of its

former strength and importance. Its history is identified with that of the province, from having been the property of one of the most illustrious houses in Brittany, and from the sieges which it has withstood. There is, moreover, a melancholy interest attached to it, from a well in the middle of the court being the grave of no less than three hundred victims of the Revolution, who having concealed themselves in the adjoining recesses, were torn from them and cruelly murdered. A single cypress rises in funereal grandeur from their remains, and forms a simple and affecting memorial of their fate.

THE MONOMANIAC.

“Canst thou administer to a mind diseased?”—SHAKSPEARE.

God knows, there are enough of stimulants to the heart-ache every where, but if there be one incentive to melancholy stronger than another, it is the view of a being whose mind is ruined and whose reason is shattered: for in that we see the wreck of a thing which man's hands made not—the ruin of our Creator's works, before which palaces and towers crumble into insignificance. The contemplation, also, is *equally* exciting to the commiseration of *all* classes; for, as the maniac can have no influential opinions upon either religion or politics, party interest will possess no voice in withholding the tribute of pity for his condition. In many cases, too, youth, innocence and beauty are the victims of insanity; and a rosy cheek, a bright eye, often blooms and glitters over the grave of reason, like wild-flowers and dew-drops on the osier-bound turf of some loved being who has sunk into the eternal slumber. Neither does the *cause* of lunacy affect our sorrow, as the sight is equally painful, whether produced by passion or prejudice; joy or sorrow; a crushed spirit or an over-heated imagination: the effect is still the same; we see sense and instinct placed in juxta-position only to destroy each other, and we deplore the event.

I have had considerable intercourse with the mad; and, for a long period, dwelt in a country town, where was situated a receptacle for the bereaved of intellect, to which I had easy access. By that means I gleaned numberless particulars possessing both interest and singularity; and—in the unaffected hope that the relation of a few prominent cases may soften, at least, one heart which selfishness may have steeled against the misfortunes of others—will trace the details for those eyes to whom the incidents may prove new.

I have seen all kinds of madness, from the harmless petitioner for snuff to the naked maniac, that rose at my approach like a beast in his den, and, for music to his ravings, had the clank of heavy chains; but I never witnessed a case which struck me more than that of one who, with every sense sanely developed, believed himself to be mad—who, while the fruitage was sound, deemed the sap dis-tempered. He was formerly a wealthy merchant, much esteemed

for his integrity in business, and admired for his attractive manners and sound sense in general society. His wife was fair and exemplary; his children numerous, and his circle of friends many and sincere; so that altogether his lot might be termed truly enviable—Alas! for the evanescence of joy! One evening Mr. Hill (the name I shall bestow upon him) took his family to Drury-lane Theatre, for the purpose of witnessing the unrivalled Kean, and scarcely less gifted Rae, in the characters of King Lear and Edgar, and that evening afforded a striking testimony to the knowledge our Shakspeare possessed of nature. In that scene where the banished king falls a victim to Edgar's deceit, Hill felt strangely and painfully interested; he drank in every visionary word, he watched every turn of countenance, until, as the eye of Kean brightened with the lurid ray of madness, his soul, mind, reason and all rocked with fearful motion in his brain; his ideas ran riot after strange and wild imaginings; and, casting a maniac's glare upon his wife, he muttered, "Take me away! I, too, am mad."

Nothing could banish this conceit from the mind of Hill. Every effort of skill was useless in the attempt to restore him to himself, and he was at length consigned, at his own peremptory desire, to imprisonment in a madhouse. I shall not soon forget my first interview with him. Having the range of the place, I visited his room alone, and found him buried in profound abstraction; my approach, however, roused him, and he surveyed me for some time with a look rather of surprise than phrenzy. At last he rose, and, in a tone of expostulation, said, "This is very injudicious of you, sir; how can you think of coming here unaccompanied by the keeper?"

As my object was to trace the workings of his unsettled brain, I resolved to treat him as a sane person, and accordingly inquired why the presence of another person was necessary to my safety.

"For every reason of prudence in the world. I am mad."

"Indeed!"

"Indeed, sir!—Ay, mad as a March hare; and had I been in one of my frantic fits when you entered, your corse might have now been lying piecemeal at my feet," said Hill, his eye-balls rolling wildly.

"Then it is only at intervals that you are mad," I observed.

"Hush," cried he, pressing his finger to his lip, "I think I'm asleep now, so speak softly.—With regard to the remark you have just made, it is not so: reason has, unhappily, fled for ever, and I am doomed to quit my family and home to keep watch over myself, lest I do any mischief."

"But how is this?" I asked, "you appear to consider yourself as divided: as two persons."

"Well, sir!" said Hill, "en't I *mad*?—Did you never read in Joe Miller's book of jests how a person, named *Man*, met a maniac, and, thinking to terrify him, told him not to approach, as he was a *Man* by name and a man by nature; but the insane with a wit, truly Sheridanian, replied, 'I am a man *beside myself*, so we two will fight you two.'"

I could not smile at this jest—it was too bitter, so I changed the subject, and found him sensible and well-informed in all matters,

save on the one point relating to his madness. As this conviction impressed itself on my mind, I conceived the idea of recurring suddenly to his condition, and by confronting him, as it were, with his own intelligence, startle the morbid thoughts which had possession of him, and convince him, if possible, that his disease was imaginary. In pursuance of this, I said, "And so you are unquestionably mad?"

He sighed, and said, "Unequivocally!—As mad, sir, as was Nat Lee, when he desired Jupiter to snuff the moon."

"And you are never reasonable for an instant?"

"Which do you mean: me, or myself?" inquired Hill.

I was fairly foiled, but replied, "whichever of you is most sensible."

"Ah, that's me," returned Hill; "but I wish you would be more consistent in conversation: you first question my mad self, and then, all in apparent continuation, interrogate my sane self. Now that would fidget my wits to death at another time; nevertheless, feeling clear-headed at present, I'll reply to both. Touching the former query, I repeat, that not one spark of Heaven's mysterious gift to man remains; on the other hand, and regarding your latter interrogatory, 'I am not mad, most noble Festus;' nor never (as you seem to suspect) lapse into madness. Mercy knows that I should be sadly off, indeed, were that ever the case, for we should fall a quarrelling, and, in all probability, either me kill I, or I kill me."

"Are you, then, so dangerous?" I asked.

"Dangerous!—I tried to kill my keeper the other day, but fortunately I was present, and prevented myself. Sad thing! no one can manage me but I.—Four white walls and a straw bed!—Horrible!—Doomed to this, whilst in full enjoyment of all my intellects, because I am raving mad, and will suffer none to approach, unless I am by. I might just as well be deranged myself; for you see my imprisonment is all the same. Oh! none but those accustomed to such scenes can conceive what it is to watch the appalling writhings of a maniac, and be condemned to listen to no sound but his meaningless words, or his idiot laughter. The grave itself is a more cheerful refuge. I am ill, I am weary, I am worn down with gloom; still I cannot desert myself—I *will not*."

The broken-hearted tone in which all this was uttered, pierced my very soul; and when I pressed his hand, from an impulse of feeling, I could not restrain the tear which fell upon it. He looked up with a glow of affection on his face, and, wringing my hand in return, said, "you pity me; I see you do—strange thing that pity should enter here!—But depart; this bright drop from your eye has purchased my love, and I would not that you should incur the risk of meeting my fate, by longer stay with a lunatic. Go: you'll lose your senses if you remain with me."

Not wishing yet to leave him, I said, "You forget that your insanity still sleeps; I am, therefore, in no immediate danger."

"True," said Hill, "I had indeed forgotten it—speak low there, and I shall feel favoured by further conversation. What promoted your visit to this den of wretchedness?"

"I wish to learn the various causes of so deplorable a divorce as that of reason from the mind." I answered.

"Various, indeed—a melancholy object! I'll tell you the cause of *my* derangement: it was sheer infection. I saw delirium so faithfully portrayed that my brain blazed as though it had been ignited at a living flame; the distorted demon of phrenzy throned himself on my temples, and plugged each artery leading to the seat of knowledge with lead; he drew back the strings of my eyeballs till they nearly cracked—he tightened every tendon, and deadened every pulse—he tickled into fearful excitement all my nerves—he palsied every vein—he made to bubble with fire every drop of life blood, and when my head shot, quivered, and whirled under these tortures he placed his mouth to my ear—shrieked forth a peal of maddening laughter, and thrusting his fingers into the quick of my brain crushed it into ten thousand particles—dispersing on each precious fragment a million ideas which reason, thought, and instruction had garnered there, and forming in their place a hollow for himself and Idiotcy, his bride, to dwell in!—I feel them now gambolling with hideous mirthfulness!—I hear them laugh!—they rouse me from my slumbers—ha! ha! ha!—avoid me—avoid me!"

I stepped aside in shew of compliance, but perceiving him to stagger with feebleness, occasioned by his over-wrought imagination against the wall, I felt encouraged again to approach. He waved me off, and for some moments a deep silence permitted his recent ravings to ring with ten-fold horror on my memory, but Hill suddenly interrupted it by exclaiming. "What you are still here, in spite of my cautions."

"Yes," said I, "for I feel assured that you will not attempt to attack me."

"Oh, but I don't know that," rejoined the Monomaniac; "I feel one of my most dreadful paroxysms coming on; however, I will bind myself up, so that, if you keep your distance, you may remain unhurt." I now prepared myself for something terrible, and removing to a point whence I could easily escape in case of real danger, I watched his proceedings intently. My expectations were not fulfilled: Hill with an expression of blended sense and cunning gathered up a wisp of straw from the ground, and putting his arms behind him, twisted it round his wrists. He then hitched the frail handcuff (so to term it) on a peg in the wall, and began to writhe and contort himself in a manner far from terrific; sometimes stamping, sometimes jumping; at another moment he wagged his elbows backwards and forwards and distorted his features; then struggled as if to release himself and fell to stamping again—in short the whole exhibition could only be likened to the impotent fury of a child, who, in sport, wishes to frighten its nurse by pretending to fall in a passion,—making wry faces and beating the ground with its feet to heighten the effect. Yet the sense-deprived Hill fancied himself worked by uncontrollable rage; for he kept exclaiming,—“Is not this deadful?—Isn't it awful?—I am now almost unmanagable—I should injure you if I was not tied up—only look now!—see!—listen!—how shockingly I rave—I shall burst a blood-vessel—I must

beat myself into submission!" and, with that, he tore away from the wall, and struck himself about the head open-handed, but so gently that the blows could not have hurt a babe. The description appears ridiculous, but it was a mournful sight, and my heart sickened.

Having continued this mummary for some time, the patient again became calm, and without previous intimation took a seat near me and resumed the conversation, venting many feeling ebullitions against the hard fate which consigned him to so much misery, and expressing the strongest pity for his *other* self, whom, he remarked, was still more unfortunate. This mockery of reason by madness, became too much for me to bear, and I offered to depart, but he now pressed me so earnestly to stay, and painted so vividly his dejected state when left "alone with himself," that I was constrained to lengthen the period of my visit. Whilst engaged in discourse, the attendant entered, bearing Hill's dinner (for he always insisted upon dining in his own room), and then, at my request, left us again together. I remarked that the table was spread as if for two.

"Now," said Hill, "I shall experience further annoyance before I can swallow my victuals. You have just witnessed my frantic humour; you shall now see me in a sulky mood:" whereupon he folded his hands upon his knee, shook his shoulders like a wayward school-boy, and drooped his head in silence. This continued but for a minute, and looking up, he added—"There, you see, I won't eat. Here is a most excellent meal—would that all my fellow-creatures had one equally good!—and yet I am so obstinate that I won't taste a mouthful; myself is of course a sufferer through such mulishness, as my own dinner is getting quite cold, for it would be unfeeling to commence first."

"It is indeed silly thus to self-impose the fate of Tantalus. What remedy shall you employ to bring yourself to your senses?" I asked.

"None; my senses have gone from me, and can neither be brought to me, nor I to them; they are irrecoverably lost, for I sent the crier round every day for a month, offering a large reward for their restoration, but, alas! when the bellman returned, he said, '*Oh no!*' to my inquiry concerning his success.—The dog could not say '*Oh yes!*' when he was *wanted*."

"You misapprehend me; I mean, how do you bring yourself to eat?—by coaxing and wheedling?"

"No; I make threats of another beating, and then feed myself as I would an infant—you shall see." Assuming a sullen, morose expression of countenance, Hill then relapsed into a silence of several moments; after which he shook his fist in his own face and muttered some unintelligible sound. "I have conquered!" he cried triumphantly, and without further ceremony placed a portion of meat on both plates, and took a mouthful alternately from each. Presently he smiled and said, "I told you so—I knew it was all humbug. Not eat, indeed! I hate such d——d nonsense; but you see, a little wholesome admonition soon brought me about." With these and like interjections he devoured his dinner, and I shortly afterwards quitted him.

I paid him many subsequent visits; but a further description of

his hallucinations would prove tedious. Several very eminent men occasionally attended him, yet his disorder experienced any thing but a decrease. At length I ventured to suggest, that as sympathy alone had caused the sufferers lapse from reason, the same action of the mind might be found a successful agent in restoring him. The hint was at once adopted by his afflicted relations, and in furtherance of the plan, a gentleman of excellent literary abilities was employed to sketch a short dramatic piece in which the hero was represented as losing his senses, precisely in the same manner as Hill. The plot then thickened—intricacies and fresh characters were introduced, calculated to take strong hold of the attention. A new hero also appeared, whose misfortunes excited powerful interest, and really awoke feelings in the breast far from a selfish nature—in short, *self* was entirely forgotten, whilst witnessing the representation. This was just what was wanted; troubles and sorrows now press faster and harder on the young Hubert (the last mentioned hero), but with admirable strength of mind, he repels every approach of distraction, and manfully rises superior against even the attacks of poverty. At this crisis the friends of the dramatic madman, are supposed to meet with Hubert, and knowing that he has not the means of earning a crust of bread, make him an offer of a handsome salary, provided he becomes a companion to the maniac, and endeavours to restore his senses. The proffer is agreed to; Hubert takes his patient every where, and engages him in frequent conversation; at first humouring him, but after a time, insinuating doubts as to the wisdom of letting fancy divide the brain in the manner he does. The maniac listens; offers a feeble opposition, which Hubert stoutly combats; he at length gives way to the convincing arguments of sound sense, and acknowledges himself to have been in error when supposing himself as it were separated *from* himself. Of course, an entire cure is thus effected, and the ex-madman is made to deliver a learned and comprehensive—at the same time, lucid discourse on mental diseases, and to comment upon the ridiculousness of the ideas entertained by the mad. Finally, he laughs heartily at his former illusions, and pleasantly remarks that a jest-book would cure any insane person in the world, were he to deliver himself up to its tickling influence, and quit his own stupid notions in order to do so.

The time-serving production was admirably executed, displaying both skill and judgment in the writer; fortunately, too, a strolling company of players had at the time, fitted up a large outhouse in the town as a theatre, and very readily agreed to enact our drama, especially as they would be well paid for their services. It was not, however, deemed prudent to entrust the principal characters to men, who, whatever their abilities, could not be expected to enter with real feeling into the parts, or more properly speaking, accommodate themselves to whatever circumstances might arise; the heroes were therefore entrusted to two talented young men, who were related to the patient. One was a surgeon, who, from having constantly been in the habit of visiting asylums for the insane, and possessing great penetration and observation, was exceedingly well calculated to fill the madman, and portray those minute characteristics which a general observer could scarcely be expected to catch, yet, which were so

necessary, considering the state of the principal spectator. Hubert was undertaken by a gentleman preparing for holy orders; nor let us blame the action: no common motives, no pleasurable inducements urged him to it; the charitable hope of restoring to a darkened mind the light of reason, was his sole impeller, and, as the character required one, uniting urbanity of manners with a mild deportment, yet impressive in gesture and commanding in tone, a better representative could not perhaps have been selected. The undertaking may be censured by a rigid few, but the motive will plead its own justification.

There now remained but one difficulty to surmount; this was to induce Hill to attend the representation; I undertook the task.

My frequent visits to the patient had established, as far as circumstances permitted, an intimacy betwixt us, and I acquired considerable influence over him, insomuch that I was often enabled to curb his extravagant behaviour. With a determination to exert this power, I entered his room on the appointed afternoon, and after the usual salutation, told him I had come to beg a favour at his hands.

"Ask it of heaven, sir," said he, "I am a creature now of so little weight in the scale of creation, that a grain of sand could as easily assist a sub-marine island to emerge from the water as I be of service to you."

"A grain of sand, in conjunction with some millions more, might assist in forming an island," I replied; "therefore nothing in this world can be entirely useless."

"True; what can I do for you?" cried Hill, promptly.

"Nay, I must have an assurance first; your solemn promise to grant my request," I exclaimed.

"Of one so fallen as I, you will ask nothing impossible. My hand and word to whatever you desire," returned Hill.

"I am satisfied: a friend of mine takes a benefit this evening, and has requested my interest in procuring a full house; now as I have very few acquaintance here, yet do not wish to disappoint the poor fellow, I have walked hither to request that you will take a ticket and make one of our number."

"Benefit!—Ticket!—In the name of heaven, what mean you?" cried Hill, in violent agitation, "where would you have me go?"

"To the theatre," replied I, with as much appearance of carelessness as possible.

"To the where?" he shouted.

"To the *theatre*," repeated I.

"To the hell of devils!" screamed the monomaniac; "don't you know that I lost my senses there?" he added, then pressing his elbows to his sides he shook himself violently, and exclaimed, "See what a fury you have thrown me into! may you run mad every night for this!—Bring me a strait waistcoat, do!"

"I think one is quite necessary, when you fly out at such trifles," returned I, calmly; "had you heard me through, the proposition might not have appeared so preposterous to your distempered imagination. However, I shall know how to depend upon you another time."

My words wrung his heart, but it was a necessary cruelty, for he became quiet immediately, and, with a look and tone which ever added interest to his words, begged me to proceed. I complied, and briefly stated the facts which ought to weigh with him as inducements to go. I adverted to the state of lassitude his confinement had brought on, and reminded him that if his health failed, his madness would be deprived of an attentive guardian. Less of vacancy was in his eye than customary, as he replied—

“Then, sir, there would be one sufferer less in the world; there would be one sufferer more about to leave it, as I could not survive myself; but it would be suicide not to take every means for the preservation of life in my power; so, if they will admit me, delirium and all, have with you.”

“Psha!” cried I, “cannot you leave your insanity for one night? I will answer with my life, that it shall be taken every care of until you return.”

“On that condition I will go,” said Hill, “but we must employ a little finesse to separate us: I tell you what do, if the trouble be not too great, and my liberty in asking you not too impertinent, get up, softly, on that stool, and close the shutters; I shall then think that it is night, and compose myself for slumber. The instant I have dropped off, shall be the signal for our departure on tiptoe; we can send hither the keeper, and hey for the temple of Thespia!”

I expressed my approbation of this plan, and obeyed him in every particular. In a few moments I had the satisfaction to hear him say, “I’m as fast as a church, can you see me?” This the darkness prevented me from doing, so I answered accordingly, and he replied, in a whisper, “Never mind, you know your way to the door, off with your shoes and follow me out.” We effected our retreat with great caution, but when, on reaching the anti-room, the light of day once more reflected its lustre upon us, forming a vivid contrast to the gloom we had quitted, Hill turned to look into his dreary apartment, and with a sigh exclaimed, “How sadly is the lot of life divided! One man glides through an evening at the theatre, hilarity sporting round him, music melting his soul, splendour delighting his eye, and the poet’s outpourings touching his heart; whilst another lulls his distempered senses to quiet in darkness, and in a mad-house: solitude his only companion; gloom the only light that meets his gaze, and his own groans the only music that salutes his ear. Oh, fate! where, where is your impartiality?”

I strongly rebuked the unfortunate man for dwelling on such thoughts at that time, and hurried him away. Once in the open air, his spirits rose wonderfully, and he indulged in that species of gossip which never springs but from a gay humour. His wife and family, who occupied a residence near the asylum to enable them to visit him more frequently and conveniently, were rejoiced on perceiving his cheerfulness, and used every exertion to promote it. Hill seconded their endeavours, caressed his wife, played with the children, and conversed with his friends in a style so natural, that one of them called me apart, and suggested a postponement of our experiment; adding, that the sudden change of scene which Hill had experienced,

together with his re-introduction into society, appeared to have effected a perfect cure. I shook my head, but not wishing to damp the rising hope, merely remarked, as I resumed my seat, that judgment on the case ought for a short time to be suspended; promising, however, to be guided by circumstances.

Scarcely had I spoken, when Hill abruptly said, "I say, when is this play you were talking about, to begin? I am very anxious about myself, yonder, and shall be in a fever till it is over. Ha! ha! how aptly shall I symbolize the passage of life and death this evening; a walk from the theatre to a mad-house! a draught of honey, with gall at the bottom! but I won't dash my spirits by thinking of it. Let us enjoy the present hour as it flies, and cast all thoughts of the future aside. By-the-by, I can scarcely preserve a proper connexion between my sentences, through being so accustomed lately to the disjointed language which I use *n'importe*; no one here will mind it." These and similar incoherencies caused an interchange of glances too easily understood, and the party delayed not another moment in preparing for the entertainment. "I hope it is not King Lear," said Hill, as he took his hat from the servant.

There are times when passing events assume a paramount interest over the incidents of other periods, whatever their magnitude; there are moments when all the aims of life give way to one object; there are stakes which occupy the mind more than the struggle for a kingdom. Such was the present hour and venture, and I am certain that no one interested in the affair, would have paused to contemplate or wonder at an earthquake: so entirely was every feeling absorbed by the die about to be cast. For myself, I confidently aver that no circumstance of my life, no personal consideration, ever impressed me more deeply than the momentous experiment in which accident had engaged me. I had visited theatres with the grave, the fair, and the gay; to dispel ennui, gratify curiosity, and idle away an hour—nay, for instruction; but never before in the society of a lunatic, or to seek for lost sanity! I looked forward with avidity to the result.

As the theatre was small, we placed Hill in the centre front box, so that nothing should escape his observation, whilst the short distance from the stage would enable him to see every turn of countenance in the actor; and combined advantage not to be met with in a larger place of amusement. Curiosity (for the circumstances were pretty generally known) drew a full attendance, and its unconscious object attracted general notice. At length the entertainment commenced, and a hush pervaded the audience more resembling the silence of a court of justice than aught else. The actors proceeded with much spirit; and the amateurs acquitted themselves admirably, particularly *our* representative of Leon, the maniac; inasmuch that when he feigned to lose his senses, Hill turned to me and said, "That is very natural; the author understands the sympathetic weaknesses of humanity well, and the actor knows how to depict them with fidelity; just so did I lose *my* senses, and just so did I look and speak at the time.—Heigho!"

During these few words, the actors suspended operations until Hill's attention became again fixed, simply filling up the space by an

extempore sentence or two, so that he should not lose a syllable, and then went on with increased ability. As the drama proceeded, the insane merchant became more powerfully enthralled, and leaning his hands on the front of the box, he rocked himself backwards and forwards with visible emotion; his eyes filled with tears, and in a short time dwelt with a steady gaze upon what was going forward, instead of wandering with ceaseless motion on vacancy as they were wont.

"Do you think all these things could happen in real life?" he asked me, as Hubert's rhetoric appeared to prevail on Leon.

"Certainly," I answered, "I am informed that the circumstances are founded upon facts."

"You don't say so? Then perhaps—celestial thought!—perhaps after all *I* am not mad; I too am labouring under a delusion."

"I am *sure* that such is the case," replied I, eagerly.

"Well, well; we shall see," he added, returning to his former attentive posture.

Skillfully now was the scene proceeded with. At one period, as the light of returning sense flashed from Leon's eye, Hill started up and exclaimed, "Hold—stay—hold! No, no, go on." And again sinking into his seat, he pressed both hands to his temples. The important time had evidently arrived; Hubert no longer addressed himself to Leon; but fixing his piercing eye upon Hill, pointed every look and word solely to him, in tones so impressive, and with action so enforcing, that even I forgot that it was not reality. Hill was worked up to the most powerful pitch of excitement. He seemed, while straining his ears to catch every sound, to turn his thoughts back upon themselves and question their soundness; first closing his eyes—then opened them—knit his brow—rapidly tapped his forehead successively with the fingers of his right hand, while his left seemed to grasp at something in the air. Listened again—drew back—paused—contracted every feature—expanded them once more as if some conviction had struck him, and exclaimed aloud, "Tell me, lest my brain burst with intense anxiety, what am I to infer from this? Am I mad, or does reason still hold her empire in my temples?"

"You are not mad: a reprehensible eccentricity, which must immediately be shaken off, alone caused others to think so," returned with promptitude the gentleman who performed Hubert.

"But I thought—"

"All thoughts unsanctioned by common sense are erroneous, and, if indulged in, lead to lunacy; it therefore behoves you, as you prize the inestimable gift of reason, to banish those inexcusable fallacies which have hitherto overpowered your mind, and cease to make yourself ridiculous in the eyes of the world."

"I shall go mad with joy," cried Hill, springing towards his wife. "Look at me, loved partner of my days," he continued; "answer me, on your soul!—my pulse I know beats quick,—but is the meaningless look of madness on my features still?—does one gleam of sense escape from beneath my eyelids?—does sober reason curb the grin of idiotcy on my lips to smiles? Do I—Ha! ha! ha! Do I laugh like a madman now?"

"No, no," cried his agitated wife, "you are as sane as any here."

"Then the divine essence is still in my brain. Sing to the Lord a new made song!" joyfully shouted Hill, and clapping his hands exultingly together, he sunk back in a swoon. We were not grieved at this temporary suspension of his faculties, as it prevented the excess of happiness from becoming dangerous. The entertainments, as may be supposed, were terminated without the principal performers, and Hill was conveyed home to bed before means were taken for his recovery; proper restoratives were then used, and, on his again coming to himself, congratulations were poured in on all sides; his late illusions laughed at; and the vagaries of fancy, with its submission to the magnet of deception, duly discussed, until our patient was fairly ashamed to think himself otherwise than perfectly sane, and joined in the laugh against his own folly. He was then bled; a cooling draught administered, and we left him to repose.

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"O yes; I went to the madhouse on the day you quitted us, and found myself raving at my absense; but I soon brought myself to my senses, I assure you, for I beat my shoulders till they were black and blue, and called myself all the names I could lay my tongue to for my stupidity. This produced the desired effect, and I came home quietly, without giving way to any more tantrums."

"And now?" I said, dreading the next sentence.

"And now I am as you see me; I am certainly obliged to keep myself a little in subjection for fear of a relapse, though there is small likelihood of such an occurrence. But, come, I must introduce you to myself, I ought to be acquainted with one who took such kind interest in me during the obscuraton of my intellects."

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"A-thin, how's it a shame and a schandle, Pauddeen?"

"There's too much of us in it, already, petteen,‡
And to go to the priest, is to go in the way
Of more of us coming—and that's what they say—
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"And how would some more be too many, Pauddeen?"

"Sure the gintleman makes it quite plain to be seen—
For—if more comes than's wantin', or call'd for, says they—"

"Och! Pauddeen, the bastes! and is that what they say?
If more comes than's call'd for!—Is that what they say?"

"No—but more than there's room for, or atin', or drink"—

"Och! ould Ireland, Pauddeen, can hould more than they think,
And the Lord never lets a new mouth see the day,
But he sends something for it—for all they say!
For all that from morning to night they can say!"

"And so we must shame our poor people of ould,
Or wait till the love goes away, or grows could?
Is that what they say, Paudge? Is that what *you* say?
Och, Pauddeen, is that what yourself means to say!
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"In one thing they're right, pet, as I understand;
Sure enough, we're too many for *them* in this land—
But, they'll see a few more of us, day after day,
Ere we make ourselves scarce for them—that's what I say!
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"Ere the name that we got from our mothers, to give
To our wives and our daughters, as long as they live,
Has a spot to be seen in the sunniest day—
By St. Bridget, the vargin! and that's what I say!
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"Ay—or wait till the love goes away, or grows could,
And be doin' God's will when we're bother'd and ould;—
So—*heccum-pothe lanna!*§ next marryin' day
To the face o'the priest there's some more that I'll say!
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* The eve of Lent—a day and night of great increase to the Irish Soggarth.

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together with his re-introduction into society, appeared to have effected a perfect cure. I shook my head, but not wishing to damp the rising hope, merely remarked, as I resumed my seat, that judgment on the case ought for a short time to be suspended; promising, however, to be guided by circumstances.

Scarcely had I spoken, when Hill abruptly said, "I say, when is this play you were talking about, to begin? I am very anxious about myself, yonder, and shall be in a fever till it is over. Ha! ha! how aptly shall I symbolize the passage of life and death this evening; a walk from the theatre to a mad-house! a draught of honey, with gall at the bottom! but I won't dash my spirits by thinking of it. Let us enjoy the present hour as it flies, and cast all thoughts of the future aside. By-the-by, I can scarcely preserve a proper connexion between my sentences, through being so accustomed lately to the disjointed language which I use *n'importe*; no one here will mind it." These and similar incoherencies caused an interchange of glances too easily understood, and the party delayed not another moment in preparing for the entertainment. "I hope it is not King Lear," said Hill, as he took his hat from the servant.

There are times when passing events assume a paramount interest over the incidents of other periods, whatever their magnitude; there are moments when all the aims of life give way to one object; there are stakes which occupy the mind more than the struggle for a kingdom. Such was the present hour and venture, and I am certain that no one interested in the affair, would have paused to contemplate or wonder at an earthquake: so entirely was every feeling absorbed by the die about to be cast. For myself, I confidently aver that no circumstance of my life, no personal consideration, ever impressed me more deeply than the momentous experiment in which accident had engaged me. I had visited theatres with the grave, the fair, and the gay; to dispel ennui, gratify curiosity, and idle away an hour—nay, for instruction; but never before in the society of a lunatic, or to seek for lost sanity! I looked forward with avidity to the result.

As the theatre was small, we placed Hill in the centre front box, so that nothing should escape his observation, whilst the short distance from the stage would enable him to see every turn of countenance in the actor; and combined advantage not to be met with in a larger place of amusement. Curiosity (for the circumstances were pretty generally known) drew a full attendance, and its unconscious object attracted general notice. At length the entertainment commenced, and a hush pervaded the audience more resembling the silence of a court of justice than aught else. The actors proceeded with much spirit; and the amateurs acquitted themselves admirably, particularly *our* representative of Leon, the maniac; inasmuch that when he feigned to lose his senses, Hill turned to me and said, "That is very natural; the author understands the sympathetic weaknesses of humanity well, and the actor knows how to depict them with fidelity; just so did I lose *my* senses, and just so did I look and speak at the time.—Heigho!"

During these few words, the actors suspended operations until Hill's attention became again fixed, simply filling up the space by an

extempore sentence or two, so that he should not lose a syllable, and then went on with increased ability. As the drama proceeded, the insane merchant became more powerfully enthralled, and leaning his hands on the front of the box, he rocked himself backwards and forwards with visible emotion; his eyes filled with tears, and in a short time dwelt with a steady gaze upon what was going forward, instead of wandering with ceaseless motion on vacancy as they were wont.

"Do you think all these things could happen in real life?" he asked me, as Hubert's rhetoric appeared to prevail on Leon.

"Certainly," I answered, "I am informed that the circumstances are founded upon facts."

"You don't say so? Then perhaps—celestial thought!—perhaps after all *I* am not mad; I too am labouring under a delusion."

"I am *sure* that such is the case," replied I, eagerly.

"Well, well; we shall see," he added, returning to his former attentive posture.

Skillfully now was the scene proceeded with. At one period, as the light of returning sense flashed from Leon's eye, Hill started up and exclaimed, "Hold—stay—hold! No, no, go on." And again sinking into his seat, he pressed both hands to his temples. The important time had evidently arrived; Hubert no longer addressed himself to Leon; but fixing his piercing eye upon Hill, pointed every look and word solely to him, in tones so impressive, and with action so enforcing, that even I forgot that it was not reality. Hill was worked up to the most powerful pitch of excitement. He seemed, while straining his ears to catch every sound, to turn his thoughts back upon themselves and question their soundness; first closing his eyes—then opened them—knit his brow—rapidly tapped his forehead successively with the fingers of his right hand, while his left seemed to grasp at something in the air. Listened again—drew back—paused—contracted every feature—expanded them once more as if some conviction had struck him, and exclaimed aloud, "Tell me, lest my brain burst with intense anxiety, what am I to infer from this? Am I mad, or does reason still hold her empire in my temples?"

"You are not mad: a reprehensible eccentricity, which must immediately be shaken off, alone caused others to think so," returned with promptitude the gentleman who performed Hubert.

"But I thought—"

"All thoughts unsanctioned by common sense are erroneous, and, if indulged in, lead to lunacy; it therefore behoves you, as you prize the inestimable gift of reason, to banish those inexcusable fallacies which have hitherto overpowered your mind, and cease to make yourself ridiculous in the eyes of the world."

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THE REGRETTED WATCH.

"Watch! watch! watch!"—*Obsolete Cries of London.*

START not, mistaken reader!—Although inveterately inimical to the manifold glaring abuses of the New Police system, I am, or rather was, equally opposed to the ludicrous incompetence of the "good old" Watch, who are now happily, become as obsolete as the "Tom and Jerry" boys with whom they will be associated in all time to come, and with whom they are now "locked up" in the "dark hole" of the grave, awaiting alike their "turn" to be "called up" before the great "magistrate" of the world, who, I trust, will "dismiss" them without even the "usual penalty for being drunk and disorderly" in their sublunary and erring probation. Peace be to their manes!

No!—mine is a tale of a watch at sea.—

And yet will I bet thee, still miscalculating reader! that thou art now fancying in thy mind's ear the monotonous sound of the "spinning" of some "long yarn" of log-line-breadth escapes from the imminent deadly rock, or other moving accidents or disastrous chances on the perilous ocean.

Still, still, impatient reader! art thou widely "out of thy reckoning," albeit on such wonders I might slightly touch for thy better understanding of "my whereabouts."—But read, that thou mayest be satisfied.

Some fifteen years ago, being suddenly stricken with a violent itch for adventure and an uncontrollable desire to better my fortune in foreign countries, I hastily converted all my disposable effects into cash, which, under the guidance of an old merchant, a friend of my father's, I invested in dry goods suitable to a market of one of the cities of North America. Having completed my purchases, I shipped them and myself on board the good ship —, which was on the eve of her departure. In the hurry of embarkation I had forgotten the injunction of my old friend to take out a policy of insurance on my property, which, I afterwards had the "glorious uncertainty" to feel, was, like myself, altogether at the mercy of the winds and waves, or dependant on the staunch timbers, or competent knowledge of the captain and officers of the good ship —.

I consoled myself, however, with the idea that if my bales of broad-cloths and muslins were destined for the wardrobes of Davy Jones and his attendants, I should at all events "be there to sea"—as Cowper wished to be at the next race of his friend, John Gilpin; and that if we both arrived "in good order and condition," the premium would be so much more money in my own pocket.

There were three cabin passengers besides myself, and about sixty in the steerage—emigrants from their native land; so, among such a diversity of persons, "cribbed, cabined, and confined" in the little space allowed to human freight on board a merchant-ship of three hundred tons, it may easily be supposed there was by no means a

lack of either company or amusement. Indeed the time passed away with me, at least, more speedily and merrily than it had ever done before, or has ever done since. Alas! how little did we dream that such merriment was to end—and in a moment as it were—in such a frightful scene of horror and devastation!

We had been out about twenty-five days, during all which time we had most propitious, but rather heavy, winds, before which we had scudded along like an eagle in its pride of flight, when we were one morning overtaken by a sudden and violent squall, which carried away our masts, long-boat, and cabooze, and did other serious damage. The wind lulled into a perfect calm, during the day, and as we lay, about ten at night, motionless as a “painted ship upon a painted ocean,” all hands were ordered on deck, the ship having sprung a leak, and making water faster than the pumps could throw out. In an instant all was consternation and confusion among the passengers, fore and aft. But the presence of mind of the captain and his officers, and the ready activity of the crew, tended, however, in some degree, to restore confidence to the greater number; while the rest, especially the females, gave vent to their fears in hurried queries, piteous exclamations, and broken sobs. All on board capable of assisting at the pumps, were divided into gangs, for the relief of each other. The hatches were opened, and men sent below to endeavour, if possible, to discover and stop up the leak; and every thing was done that was in the power of mortals to do—but all in vain. The water in the hold gradually increased to such a degree, that the pumps were useless, and every one was ordered to assist in heaving the cargo overboard, to lighten the ship, as the only resource to keep her afloat until morning, when succour might be had. Signal lights had already been put up, and the awfully-appealing sound of the minute gun was every now and then booming far away over the star-lit bosom of the motionless ocean into the distant horizon.

As I had been the last shipper, my uninsured bales and packages were the first offerings of the sacrifice; and no one was more active than I was in assisting at their disembarkation. Out into the sea they went, followed by many a larger and more valuable shipment, until it was deemed prudent to desist from the useless labour, and all hands were ordered to assist in preparing rafts for those who could not be accommodated in the three remaining boats.

While these were being constructed, the stern-boat, by secret instructions from the captain, was quietly lowered, provisioned, and equipped by the steward, second mate, and my fellow cabin passengers, and kept close in under the cabin windows; and, as day began to dawn, and every provision had been made for the two other boats and the rafts, and the vessel was expected to be swamped every moment, the captain, myself, first mate, cook, cabin-boy, and such of the crew as had been picked out to accompany us—the rest being left to superintend the launching and take command of the other boats and rafts—one by one withdrew ourselves without observation, and, getting out of the cabin windows, joined our awaiting companions, and rowed silently off from the fast sinking vessel.

The moment it was discovered that we had abandoned the ship,

the frightful scene that we had dreaded and provided against, for our own chance of escape, took place in all its horrors. Shrieks, prayers, and denunciations instantly filled the air, and all for a moment seemed to have forgotten that they had within reach similar means of abandoning the vessel. Many threw themselves into the sea in despair, and several swam off in hope of being taken into our boat—only one of whom was allowed to join us, as our complement was even more than exceeded. Notwithstanding the exertions of the crew we had left on board, seconded by some few of the male emigrants, not to overload the two boats and the rafts, the moment they were launched the rush to them became so general, that down they sank with their unequal burthens, and were only recovered to be instrumental in hastening, instead of preventing, destruction; until, in the repeated conflicts for life, they were either rendered altogether useless, or borne away untenanted by the waves that were now cresting to the morning breeze.

Destruction to all on board was now inevitable and immediate; and despair, in all its innumerable moods and madnesses, now pervaded all, undisguised and uncombated. But despair, like other varieties of insanity, is not without its cunning—cunning which reason and wisdom can neither parallel, comprehend, nor circumvent—and infinite were the schemes, individual and in concert, that were every moment being made to escape from the doomed vessel, and which were only frustrated by the quickness of detection on the part of others, with less ingenuity, who, by rushing in crowds to seize on the same means of possible salvation, hastened their own destruction, together with that of the projectors, who might, by a possibility, have otherwise, after a time, been picked up in safety from the ocean-desert by some passing vessel, or thrown, by the current, on some friendly beach.

In this manner every barrel, chest, hen-coop, tub, spar, plank, and basket that could be found—every thing, in short, that could possibly assist in preserving life upon the waters, had been launched with their burthens, and, like the boats and rafts, immediately swamped by the fatal additional weight of contending strugglers for the last chance of existence.

The scene that now ensued baffles all conception of the frightful and piteous. Some, under the combined influence of madness and intoxication from liquor, were singing and dancing in the most grotesque manner—others howling up to the sky, or committing horrible excesses at which the soul sickens. Some had arrayed themselves after the most incongruous and fantastic fashion, and were parading the deck in all the abandonment of idiotic vanity. Men, women, and children were alternately screaming and filling their mouths with food. Mothers were holding up their babes to heaven, or clasping them wildly to their bosoms. Husbands and wives, parents and children, were locked in each other's embraces, awaiting the approach of certain and immediate death; while, every now and then, others, unable longer to endure the horrors of suspense, would throw themselves from the rigging into the sea, seeking the danger they could not avoid. One man, in order to escape a watery death, had hung himself from the end of the broken bowsprit, and his lifeless body was dangling in

the air immediately above the waves. But enough—I can dwell upon the scene no longer. A loud, wild, universal, unearthly shriek announced the approach of the catastrophe—and in a moment the doomed-vessel and its tenants were engulfed beneath the waters !

Having detained thee, indulgent reader ! longer than I intended in this preliminary, but I hope not to thee uninteresting, detail, I shall now proceed forthwith to enlighten thee on the real subject-matter of this narrative of the Regretted Watch.

A party, consisting of the surviving officers, passengers, and crew of the doomed vessel, were enjoying themselves after partaking of a farewell dinner, in an hotel in New York, to which port we had been brought by an American vessel, with which we had fallen in the day after the disaster. We had been recounting our various personal losses—of which mine own, as thou must remember, intelligent reader, was no little matter ; and were confessing to such particular articles of mere sentimental regard, as we most esteemed or valued among our unsaved effects. Portraits, locks of hair, letters—in short, all gifts or memorials, however otherwise trifling and valueless, of distant objects of affection, were, with one single and singular exception, the universal theme of regret and lamentation ; for it is when in distant lands unknown, uncherished and alone, that the heart most clings to such memorials, the only visible links that bind us to the absent and the beloved ! and they only who have been separated by the mighty waters from the objects of their affection, and felt the priceless value of such cherished mementos, can conceive the poignant affliction occasioned by their irretrievable loss !

One of the late cabin-passengers was an American gentleman of considerable fortune, who had large estates somewhere south of the Potomac, and was on his return from a lengthened tour over Europe. He had had a classical education, was not without taste, and had collected in his travels, a great variety of rare books, curiosities, and objects of *virtù*, all of which had shared the fate of my muslins and broad-cloths. Although possessing an immensity of information upon all sorts of subjects, he was always exceedingly reserved and extraordinarily silent ; in short, he was cold and phlegmatic, without being particularly disagreeable. The only object in the world that seemed to have awakened the slightest interest in his affections was a gold watch, a repeater, of somewhat curious workmanship, for which he had paid an enormous sum to an ingenious artist in Geneva, and the merits of which was the only subject upon which he had ever condescended to be communicative and eloquent. This highly-prized watch had been left suspended in his state-room, on the first alarm occasioned by the discovery of the leak, and, *incredibile dictu* ! was unthought of until after the going down of the ship, when its loss was discovered, and appeared to be the sole and entire object of regret to its owner.

At the farewell dinner alluded to, the loss of this watch was the only theme of his remarks and lamentations, and the recovery of it, could such a thing be possible, seemed the only thing on earth that could restore him to his wonted phlegmatic reserve and silence.

Now it so happened, that being among the last who got into the

boat, through the cabin window, on that fearful morning, on my way thither I espied this identical repeater hanging up in its owner's state-room, which I had to pass, and remembering the immense value he attached to it, I hastily thrust it into my pocket, intending to give him an agreeable surprise, should we be fortunate enough to escape with our lives; and this was the occasion I had chosen to make the, to him undreamt-of, restoration.

"You desert us early, sir," said I to this Widower of the Watch, as we had christened him, observing that he was about to take his leave; "what o'clock is it?"

"I should think about nine," replied he, putting his right hand to his empty fob, and giving an expressive shrug. "Ah, my fine repeater! Had I only saved that, I should'nt have cared a fig for all the rest. I can never get such another. I will never wear a watch again."

"Nay, sir—do me the favour to wear *this one* in remembrance of a fellow-sufferer, who deeply sympathizes in your loss," said I, taking the so much regretted repeater from my pocket, and handing it to him across the table.

A shout of surprise and wonder broke from the astonished company, as they beheld the identical watch restored to its disconsolate owner. But imagine, dear reader! the transports of the Widower of the Watch himself, on finding his beloved thus miraculously, as it were, restored to him from the fathomless depths of the ocean, in all its pristine beauty and unimpaired accomplishments! Fancy him overwhelming the saviour of his precious treasure with heart-felt acknowledgments of gratitude, and reiterated assurances of friendly assistance with purse and influence! Depict to thyself the effect of such a surprise on one of so reserved a disposition, displaying itself in unwonted outbreaks of sociality and good-humour, delightful to behold!—But imagine, and fancy, and depict till doomsday his probable acknowledgments and conduct on the occasion, thou canst conceive nothing that can possibly equal his actual deportment.

Taking the watch, and scrutinizing it for a moment with the most imperturbable *sang froid*, and then looking from it to me directly in the face, he exclaimed, with an air of hasty rebuke—"DAMN it! YOU'VE BROKEN THE GLASS!"—and putting it in his fob, wished us a hurried farewell, and I never saw him more.

W. B. H.

To the Editor of the MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR.—After an existence dating nearly from the commencement of the world, and flowing uninterruptedly in a constant stream of honour, I found some time since a cruel tide of invective turned against me in the public papers, in consequence of my having put my foot, a wet foot they say, into the tunnel which the Londoners, without regard to my repose, were boring under my bed. Now, Sir, if strangers will uncautiously grope under the beds of others, they may chance to fall in with more than they look for, and this has been the case in the present instance. A due regard to character has induced me to address this circular to my friends, whose curiosity is probably whetted on the subject; and I trust, under the explanation I shall offer, my conduct will on the whole be found perfectly justifiable.

Now, Sir, I am a quiet fellow myself, rolling on peaceably and quietly, in my own way, and there is no character I dislike more than that of a bore; one of these bores very wantonly undertook to undermine my reputation; in fact he hired 400 conspirators to perpetrate his under-hand designs; but, thank my stars, I have been a match for him, and by the blessings of providence have been able to throw cold water on his vile attempt. My natural end, Sir, as I am well aware, will be by fire, whenever the clever fellow appears, endowed with adequate powers to let me off like a squib. That such a man is expected, is, I apprehend, quite clear, as I have heard repeated exclamation, from Richmond and Blackwall parties, to the effect that “*he will never set the Thames on fire.*” To this fate, whenever it comes, I must of course submit, and in that case trust that in quitting the world, I shall go out with that decency which is always expected from old age and good character.

Apropos, Sir, do you number among your acquaintance or contributors any one competent to perform this extraordinary feat? I have a personal feeling on this subject; I spoke to a passenger, a gentleman of your craft, whom I had on my back last week, who told me I had not at present much to fear; he added, too, that with regard to the *New Monthly*, he could answer for it, that the ladies and gentlemen connected with that distinguished periodical were much too benevolent ever to attempt my life. Do not by this inquiry imagine that I fear to die; I know that I must at last disembody myself into the great sea of eternity. Moreover, such is my contempt of death, that I even assist all the dyers from one end of my territory to the other, to say nothing of my former exploits at “*Old London Bridge,*” and all the little boys and girls I swallow fishing, bathing, or making love together.

Shakspeare says that “*there is a tide in the affairs of men, which taken in its flood leads on to fortune;*” but, Sir, in the affairs of rivers, to which branch of business I belong, there are two tides, and whether you take them at their flood or at their ebb, if you take them at

the bottom, they lead to misfortune ; as to my bed, I made it myself, and have a right to lie how I please. If people complain that it is soiled and a little torn, they should have looked to that before they tried to pull my bed from under me. They bored a hole beneath me with a vengeance ; they were to drive carts, and waggons, and armies, if necessary through it, and thought to do all this work without disturbing me ; but who made the biggest hole ? All the putty made, ever made, was not enough for a stopper to this newly discovered decanter. No—bunglers as they were, they never hit on a bung fit for the purpose. But, joking apart, it was an atrocious attempt on my life ; not content with my ancient source, they were for giving me another, which has happily for me turned out to be the source of trouble, and converted their expected profits, their dividends, and imagined wealth into nothing but floating balances. I was attacked, and attacked clandestinely ; but justice has prevailed, and whilst I have a drop of water remaining, I will take care they shall not complain of drought.

And now, Sir, excuse this long and winding epistle, from a very aged person. Garrulity is the privilege of years. I am as old as Adam, and indeed am related to the people who brewed that ancient gentleman's ale. Should you be coming my way, or your wife, or any of your amiable children, I shall be happy to give you a drink such as I can, for I have enough and plenty to spare, notwithstanding the tunnellers. Do me the favour to contradict all their reports, which, as far as they relate to me, are evidently groundless ; and wishing that people may place no badly constructed and arch impediments to your rise in the world, as they are continually doing to mine, or that no undermining bore may disturb your rest, permit me to subscribe myself your much injured and hardly worked—

OLD FATHER THAMES.

IRISH SONG.

Yes ! discord's hand to the last it was
 In every field of our story,
 Which did our country's fortunes cross,
 And tear down all her glory—
 And this we saw, and this we felt,
 Yet still the warning slighted,
 Till a clinging curse was to us dealt—
 The curse of the disunited !
 Ay ! by the fate we shall weave for her,
 To atone for the fate we wove her !
 By those, her name who hate and slur—
 By ourselves, who deeply love her !
 By manhood's worth ! by the sacred flame
 On her hearths and her altars lighted—
 By her present shame—by her ancient fame—
 We are— we *are* United !

THE DREAM OF MARIEZZO.

To LIEUTENANT JOHN SKIRROW, *Bombay Engineer Corps,*
these lines are most affectionately inscribed by his friend,
W. T.

I had a dream:—That when the light
First smiles on our pilgrimage here,
Another soul, in all the might
And power, with which our own appear,
Is doomed some other human frame's compeer.
And that one yearning love, unknown,
Mysterious, changeless, and deep,
Is o'er these likened beings thrown,
Which they must still unconscious keep:
Anent this darkened world's unhallowed steep.
That when their sun sets on its day;
When life's fleeting current is spent;
These clayey things seek other clay,
These spirits are together sent
To those unfathomed realms—perhaps, wherefrom they went.
My dream was changed:—a form I found,
Whose soul wore the semblance of mine:
Which seemed with like affections bound:
As if, at some lone, hidden shrine,
Fate stood, and did one destiny consign.
As I would stray—so could it stray—
Secluded apart from the world:
To wonder on things far away;
To view this mystic curtain furled:
And all, from bursting clay, to brightness hurled.
To search 'neath Earth's obscurest guise,
For knowledge availably sought:
Our sole immortal nature's prize!—
'Mid throes of darkest passions bought,
We'd sadly tread unbidden paths of thought.
As my heart—proudly beat its heart
With attributes mournfully just—
Which from aught earthly ne'er might start,
Save such development: I trust
So like! yet formed of how much gentler dust!
I saw a father bless his son;
An exile to India's shore;
Perchance the last his child hath won:
Ah! few can tell what feelings tore
Those hearts at parting—perhaps, to meet no more!
I marked a boat; where, wrapt in gloom,
That sire from a high vessel stepped;
The son looked forth, as from a tomb,
As 'neath the port he slowly swept:
No sound was there:—they only gazed and wept.

We parted: but 'twas like the parting,
 Where one passed the gates of the grave;
 And one breast alone was smarting:
 It little knew the pang it gave!
 Or that, methought, 't had deemed it well to save.

My dream was changed:—a viewless space
 Of time had been flitting away;
 And I had striven with the base,
 In the vast crowd, without a ray
 Of solace; but I yet had won my way.

I stood beside that form I'd left;
 The still fatal softness it wore:
 That soul—too true, it had been reft
 Of thoughts *few dared in*:—now no more
 The strangely fearful thing it was before.

It had entered its bark alone,
 On the world's wild, billowy sea;
 And the waters had drowned its moan,
 As they hurried on heedlessly:
 Ay, it was now a wreck of all to me.

The past came o'er me; 'twas a look
 Of bitterness; for I had been
 Long nursed in woe: my spirit shook;
 My life's leaf withered—yet but green—
 Whose sapless heart was scathed with tears unseen.

My brain, *flung loose*, whirled maddening on,
 On—swollen and blackening in strife.
 Had some lost star of hope but shone!
 Some rock with swift destruction rife!
 All earth was hell:—and still I clung to life.

One sad gaze more I met in pain;
 It brought a fond sigh on the past;
 And yet there was no sigh again!
 My soul recked not of this at last;
 And soon its silent tide 'gan ebbing fast.

Anon it changed:—I felt as one
 Entire burning chaos of thought.
 Mortal, mortality had gone;
 All—save remembrance, ever fraught
 With deeds of yore, when bosoms vainly wrought.

But in that world we yet were two;
 The only two of their lost race,
 That should have met again; where grew
 Such joyless solitude of place:
 Once all we madly wished: now all we trace.

In sooth, it was a mournful land:
 A universe cursed with a blight.
 There Nature paused at Time's dead hand:
 There arched no sky:—but one cold light
 Gleamed far around, to show us endless night.

And we knew all things:—we had seen
 The merited portion of crime.
 Yea! we knew all things:—few, I ween,
 Of mortal ken may brook *their* chime;
 Which thrilled the souls, such knowledge dared to climb.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE AND ART.

THE PLAYS AND POEMS OF SHAKSPEARE, WITH LIFE AND GLOSSARIAL NOTES, BY A. J. VALPY, M.A. 15 VOLS. LONDON: VALPY.

MR. VALPY'S Shakspeare is a valuable acquisition to our library; we had felt for a long period the great want of a clear typed, unsophisticated! edition of this great man's works. The successive labours of Rowe, Pope, Theobald, Warburton, Farmer, Warton, Johnson, Stevens, Malone, Reed, Chalmers, and a host of other commentators, had in a great measure, we may say, concealed "the live-long monument" Shakspeare "piled" to his own memory. The immensity of their notes served rather to burthen the pages of the poet than render to his writings any great service, by bringing their meaning clearer to our view. One editor would wrangle about the reading of a passage, while another harped over the ignorance of a predecessor. This party warfare may have been pleasing to the supposed victors, but became harassing to the general reader. Where are the admirers of Shakspeare who regard or particularly value Malone's twenty-one ponderous tomes? We certainly do not, and we are extravagant admirers of this, the greatest of all poets, the man who had the deepest insight into the workings of the human heart, whose female creations (his Silvias, his Julias, his Rosalinds), are as dignified and beautiful in their minds as they must have been lovely in their persons; whose men stand before us "their own selves proper."

Mr. Valpy's task (by no means a difficult one) has been executed with great exactness and good judgment; in the fifteen volumes the notes most required have been preserved, and the historical memoranda are reduced into a neat attracting compass; we are not withheld from reading them by their length or by the diversity of their opinions: all is now proper, and Shakspeare has been given to us in the way we most wished to see him.

The little that is known of Shakspeare, Mr. Valpy has collected into his biographical notice; though regarded by his contemporaries as a great wit, and therefore considered to be a great man, scarcely ought concerning him, save that he lived, wrote, and died, can be told with truth. The small respect shown to men of genius in those days (at the present it is but scantily better), and the want of taste for fully appreciating the works of the great writers, cause people to be careless about the talent which the country produced. Rowe gathered all that can be told of Shakspeare, and his character as a poet was so forcibly drawn by Dryden that it was left to succeeding writers merely to expand it.

In compliance with the prevailing and *portable* fashion of the day, the work has been produced in the Scott and Byron school. The text is illustrated with clever outline engravings from Boydell's

costly collection. Several of these plates are given with each volume. The work is much to our taste, and it affords us much pleasure to commend it.

TRANSLATIONS OF THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE LATIN PRIZE
POEMS. SECOND SERIES. LONGMAN, 1883.

Prize poems are proverbially but indifferent efforts; that is, as poems. The language may be appropriate enough, and sometimes vigorous; the verse smooth, and sometimes sonorous; the subject interesting, and sometimes inspiring—yet we cannot account for it, we know of nothing so dull and heavy in the bulk as a collection of prize poems. To be sure, it is expected of the young aspirant for university honours, that he will display to as much advantage as possible whatever learning it may have pleased providence to put in his way in compositions of this nature; and that to a degree prohibitory, altogether, of natural feeling and simplicity of expression. We can imagine the shrugs, raised hands and eyes, that would be brought into active play at a conclave of doctors, if a young poet, in the true sense of the word, were on the occasion of his contending for the prize, to violate so far the rules of prize writing as to warm into something like an outburst of human passion. Oh, the scandal! Oh, the shameful libertine! and Professor Coldasice would draw his robes about him, link his hands, and cushion them on his good round belly, fetch a long breath, and fast incontinently into a reverie, chiefly concerning the depravity of human creatures, and the unprecedented infamy of the youth before him; diverging from the strict line, however, now and then, into a pleasing retrospect of by-gone years, with himself in the distance, and full in perspective the incomparable charms of Dolly Mayflower. No, no, Doctor, not a word of that; don't be alarmed—we are as mum as the dead; but you know—well, well, there is an end of it.

Speaking generally, if you have read one of these poems, you have read them all; they are all alike—the same verse, the same style, the same character of thoughts, the same mythological allusions, the same apostrophes to the fallen greatness of Rome, Greece, or Carthage—in fact, without any particular stretch of a man's organ of credulity, he might very well believe them all to have been written by one and the same man. They are all paraphrases of things we have read a thousand times, penned a thousand years ago; yet not, in themselves, without merit either—of what particular order that merit may be, is left to be considered.

There can be no doubt that it is not every man who could write after the fashion of these poems; of course we speak of every man of education. There can be no doubt, likewise, that the amount of talent required to accomplish writings of this character, is so largely shared in an equal degree by a minority, bearing no inconsiderable proportion to the whole body of gentlemen brought up either at our universities, or elsewhere, where the same proficiency is to be attained, that such powers can never be considered to be of a very high order, or deserving of high approbation; though, undoubtedly, very estimable, very honourable, and very interesting. Moreover, these productions

are written at a very early age, when the order and vigour of the youth are as much more likely to lead him into extravagance and bombast than grandeur and sublimity; that is, if he trade upon his own bottom, and brings into the business some little capital of brains, and a spirit of originality. That brains have not been wanting in some of these fellows, is pretty evident by the owner's names affixed to each poem; among which we find the present Speaker of the House of Commons, Mr. Stanley, the Earl of Rippon, Mr. Milman, Mr. Bowles, &c.; to which array we can only reply, that the ink was an acorn, and these exalted personages (we believe this is the phrase, for we are no courtiers) were once young men, and manifested, as far as we can judge, no very wonderful powers in the muse's line. Though we are speaking of such men we cannot lay aside our terrible commission; we cannot doff the cap, and stand submissive, as one in the presence of the great, "with 'bated breath and whispering humbleness;" no! we think these prize poems little more than paraphrases, and we say so. We think we could never refer to them as evidences of remarkable poetic excellence—and we say so; we think that they may claim for their authors a thorough acquaintance with the ancient writers, and a great facility in imitating them—which we say also; and, lastly, we say, that not one of them gives earnest of that high mental superiority which has procured for all of them a just celebrity, and, for some, the highest offices in the state.

Let it not be supposed that we entertain disesteem for the scholar-poet. How few poets there are but that have been scholars! Where the scholar so deeply learned, and so profoundly schooled, as your poet? Was Milton no poet? Was Milton no scholar? Was Spencer no poet? Was Spencer no scholar? Were Ben Johnson, and Beaumont, and Fletcher, no poets?—were they no scholars? They, however, rendered their learning subordinate to the great end of nature. Gray, seated in his classic study, could sit down, and, in beautiful simplicity of heart, could write his "Elegy in a Country Church Yard." It would be folly to expect another elegy among the prize poems; nor, to speak candidly as we think, if that itself "done into latin" had been presented, it would have received the prize; especially if some antagonist had luckily languished into something about Endymion waiting, in anxious expectation, for his mistress the moon, she, imprudent young lady, having made an assignation with the said young gentleman precisely at eight, punctually, at the hill, there to carry on an intrigue. If this, now, had been "dished up," and served cold—and it must be cold as a Russian winter to take the doctors—we have little doubt that Gray would have been unsuccessful.

But there are other ways to distinction, it appears, than penning poesy, and, undoubtedly, ways more prolific of the good things of this life. Why, the muses' best sons might write themselves blind before they would contrive to secure, tight and fast in the interior of their breeches' pockets, one tithe of the current coin of the realm, which some of these gentlemen-amateurs, who figure in this volume, button up, close and fast, each merry quarter. In sooth, such a sum, glittering and ringing to the ear "the most exquisite music," would drive

the distraught son of song clean out of his senses, or, his senses out of him, which is much the same thing. A man had infinitely better be a tailor, for the matter of that: for the knights of the needle, say what you please, *are* the ninth part of men, which the unhappy wretch who is divided between, and devoted to, the Nine, can upon no known principle boast.

THE PARLIAMENTARY POCKET COMPANION. WHITTAKER.

THIS little work which had long been a desideratum amongst our annual publications, and yet only made its appearance with the opening of the Reformed Parliament, gives another proof of the assurance with which industry, properly directed, may calculate upon patronage. A work like this must tell amongst a people so inquisitive as ours. It is a manual of political gossip of a most interesting, and at the same time, of a most useful nature. It tells "who is who" in the classes just now most particularly inquired after. It may be looked upon as a series of political crayons, touched off in a few bold masterly strokes, and yet presenting all the fulness and *vrai-semblance* of a complete picture.

To the readers of newspapers this index of the House is an absolute necessity, more especially at a time when we find the speeches and votes of members so seemingly contradictory. Hoping for more consistency in the ensuing session we shall not, at present, refer to instances, satisfied that the reader's memory will easily suggest them. To the man of the world it is equally indispensable. Indeed, we have known more than one instance in which, from an intimate acquaintance with the Parliamentary Companion, a man of bold and adventurous address has acquired the reputation of being conversant *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*—including in the latter a knowledge of the business of the House greater than could be acquired from a severe study of Halsett's precedents though aided by the commentaries of Mr. Manners Sutton himself.

We need scarcely recommend the book, for its own success verifies the old tavern motto—"Good wine needs no lustre."

THE ROMANCE OF HISTORY—ENGLAND. BY HENRY NEELE.
3 VOLS.—VOL. III. pp. 329. BULL AND CHURTON.

ANOTHER volume of this pleasant melange fully bearing out our former opinion. Mr. Neele has most successfully skimmed the cream off antiquity, and we are charmed with the art that can extract so much amusement from musty records. Independently of the value of this work as a text-book for schools (although we apprehend, from its pretty illustrations and fanciful binding, that such was not intended as its *ultimatum*), it presents irresistible attractions to the rising generation, and will instil into them a love of true history which we of the olden time scarcely deemed could be achieved. It is now needless to predict that this will be a popular periodical,—it is so already. In fact, it is one of those books with which critics have but little to do saving to point them out to the notice of the patrons of literature.

THE RHETORICAL SPEAKER AND POETICAL CLASS BOOK, &c.—By
R. LIMINGTON, pp. 359. SOUTER.

THE author in his dedication "To Sir Hugh Palliser Palliser, of Castle Palliser, Bart." says—"It is with much pleasure and *confidence* that I submit the present work *for* public approbation." After this, criticism may "go hang." We have not been able to discover any particular novelty in the introductory essays on elocution. Knowles, Hartly, &c. have been before Mr. Limington. The work contains the usual quantum of readable extracts, and is altogether very useful after its kind.

THE ANTI-SPELLING BOOK; BEING A NEW SYSTEM OF TEACHING
CHILDREN TO READ WITHOUT SPELLING. BULL AND CHURTON.

THIS, we fear, is sad nonsense—children cannot master the nice points deduced for their instruction in this school-book. Give us the old "C. A. T., cat," and this author "B. I. R. C. H., birch."

CHOIX EN PROSE EN VERS. BY J. C. TURNER. SOUTER.

The reputation of M. Turner as a French *littérateur*, and teacher is of itself a sufficient recommendation to this work. The judicious selection he has made from the best authors of France, renders it a most interesting book to the general reader, and particularly valuable to the French student.

THE LIFE OF GRANT THORBURN (THE ORIGINAL LAWRIE TODD),
WRITTEN BY HIMSELF. LONDON: FRASER.

MR. GALT's far-famed novel has given this worthy a celebrity which certainly his importance does not warrant. The only portion of Lawrie Todd that we did *not* like was that transcribed from Mr. Thorburn's M.S. While Galt was confined to that, he wrote in fetters; but when he got rid of the little nail-maker, and was at his own will, "his foot was on his native heath, and his name was Macgregor!"—We do not exactly agree with Mr. Thorburn's notions respecting the speciality of Providence—at all events, we deprecate the ceaseless mention of the sacred name as connected with every pettifogging business transaction. There is much *cant* in this.

Yet we cannot take leave of this book without characterizing it as a pleasing gossiping production, with much shrewdness and occasional brightness in its pages.—Mr. Thorburn, however, seems to have so good an opinion of himself, that the praise or blame of the "critic craft" will fall unheeded on his tympanum. He has declared war against all who advocate opposite principles to his own, and argues the matter with a passion and an energy quite conclusive.—Were Mr. Thorburn a man of more consequence than he really is, we might look grave on his abuse of "England and the English"—it savours of the renegade; but we laugh at his illiberality—laugh at his misrepresentations—wilful or ignorant—and like his book wondrously after all.

Mr. Thorburn, for all he is "a fiery ethercap—a fractious chiel," seems, from his portrait, to be naturally an amiable and benevolent man.—A lady of our acquaintance remarked, on seeing his good-

humoured frontispiece, that "his face was the best part of the book." Fraser's *Croquit* has drawn him to the life.

FRANCIS BERRIAN; OR THE MEXICAN PATRIOT. BY W. FLINT.
THREE VOLUMES. LONDON: 1834. NEWMAN AND CO.

VERILY we had feared that the publishing glories of the East had been totally eclipsed by the effulgence of the West—that the long sustained fame of Leadenhall-street had been forgotten in the new-won honours of Burlington and Albemarle streets, and departed for ever! But, "like a giant refreshed with wine." lo! here we have Masters Newman and Co. armed cap-a-pée for adventure in the guise of a Mexican Patriot, whose heart of "flint" will bear him gallantly on through "perilous path" to victory. In plain words, these are three exceedingly original and entertaining volumes, and are worth a dozen of some that we wot of "that have been praised, and that highly too."

THE BABOO, AND OTHER TALES, DESCRIPTIVE OF SOCIETY IN INDIA. TWO VOLUMES. LONDON: 1834. SMITH, ELDER, AND CO.

THESE interesting volumes come before the public under circumstances so peculiarly calculated to insure them a kind reception, that the reviewer can have little else to do respecting them than conscientiously and heartily to recommend them to notice. They are the first productions of a young man in the civil employment of the East India Company, who died on his passage home, and are published by his widow, in a laudable spirit of admiration for his talents, as a monument to his memory. They evince a fine imagination, considerable tact, and great facility of language; and the only faults that we can discover in them are only such as a little more experience would have wholly rectified. They consist of sketches illustrative of life and manners in India, which, although sometimes exaggerated, are always deeply interesting or highly entertaining. They portray characters and depict scenes of which we, in this northern clime, can have no idea but from sketches such as these, and with which we are as yet but very imperfectly acquainted; and we cannot sufficiently lament the premature loss of one who, had he lived, might have produced an East Indian companion on our shelves to the *Gil Blas* of Spain, and the *Hajji Baba* of Persia.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

THE PILGRIMS OF THE RHINE, by the AUTHOR OF PELHAM. The delay in the publication of this costly work has arisen from the desire of giving to the Illustrations the highest possible degree of finish.

Mrs. Jameson, the authoress of "*Characteristics of Women*" is about to publish her VISITS AND SKETCHES AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The new novel from the pen of the author of "*Mothers and Daughters*," is to be entitled "*THE HAMILTONS*."

A new Edition is just ready of *Capt. Marryat's* amusing novel of "*Peter Simple*."

Miss Pardoe is preparing a new Edition of her "*Traits and Traditions of Portugal*."

Sir Egerton Brydges' new biographical work on an original plan, will appear early in February, it is to be entitled "*Imaginative Biography*."

A work from the pen of a Lady will appear on the first of February, entitled "*The Language of Flowers*;" the plates are coloured after nature.

Of MR. LODGE'S PEERAGE, a new Edition for 1834 is ready.

LAYS AND LEGENDS OF VARIOUS NATIONS, illustrative of their Traditional Literature and Superstitions, by *W. J. Thoms*. The first monthly part, containing Lays and Legends of Germany, ready in March.

NATIONAL EDUCATION, AS IT EXISTS IN PRUSSIA. Translated from the Official Report of M. Victor Cousin, Pair de France, Conseiller-d'état pour l'Instruction Publique, &c., by Sarah Austin, under the immediate direction of M. Cousin, with Original Matter.

A SERIES OF SERMONS ON GOOD PRINCIPLE AND GOOD BREEDING, by the Ettrick Shepherd.

THE GEOGRAPHY OF SACRED HISTORY CONSIDERED, &c., by Charles T. Beke, Esq.

MORRIS'S FLORA CONSPICUA, consisting of Sixty Coloured Engravings from Living Plants.

CAREMES' ROYAL PARISIAN COOK, PASTRYCOOK, AND CONFECTIONER; Translated by *John Porter*, late Cook to the Marquis of Camden, the Senior United Service and Travellers' Clubs, are now of the Oriental; in one volume, post 8vo. with plates, price 12s.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

WE are indebted to Victor Jacquemont's correspondence for an acquaintance with parts of India of which previously little was known. He was sent out by the French Geographical Society, and fell a victim to the climate at Bombay, on his return from the dominions of Runget Sing. The domain of natural history will be materially extended by his researches.

Dumortier, *Recherches sur la Structure comparée, et le Developpement des Animaux et des Végétaux*, 4to. 12s.

Connaissance des Temps ou des Mouvements Célestes à l'usage des Astronomes et des Navigateurs, pour l'an 1836, 8vo. 9s.

Correspondance de Victor Jacquemont avec sa Famille et plusieurs de ses Amis, pendant son Voyage dans l'Inde (1828—1832), 2 vols. 8vo. 1l.

Roux Ferrand, *Histoire des progrès de la Civilisation en Europe depuis l'ère chrétienne jusqu'au XIXe siècle*, tome I. 8vo. 9s.

- Souvenirs d'un Sexagénaire, par A. V. Arnault, tome IV. 8vo. 10s.
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 Eugène Scribe, Bertrand et Raton, ou l'Art de conspirer, comédie en cinq actes et en prose, 8vo. 6s. 6d.
 Hegewisch, Essai sur l'époque de l'Histoire Romaine la plus heureuse pour le Genre Humain, traduit de l'Allemand par Ch. Solvet, 8vo. 8s.
 Le Bon Jardinier, Almanach pour l'année 1834, 12mo. 7s.
 De Vauzelles, Histoire de la Vie et des Ouvrages de François Bacon, Baron de Verulam et Vicomte de St. Alban, etc. 2 vols. 8vo. 1l.
 Encyclopédie des Gens du Monde, Répertoire Universel des Sciences, des Lettres, et des Arts, avec des notices sur les principales Familles historiques et sur les Personnages célèbres, morts et vivans, etc. tome second, première partie (ANQ—ASS,) 8vo. 6s.
 Adolphè Bronigart, Histoire des Végétaux Fossiles, ou Recherches botaniques et géologiques sur les Végétaux renfermés dans les diverses couches du Globe, 8e Liv. 4to. 13s.
 Collection complète des Oiseaux d'Europe, dessinés et coloriés d'après nature, par E. Swagers, 10e Liv. 4to. 3s.

Giovanni Rosini, Luisa Strozzi, Storio del Secolo XVI. 4 vols 8vo., 1l. 12s.

4 vols. 12mo. 12s.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

- Eschwege. Brazilian Pluto. The Germans have made to Brazil a literary and scientific present. Colonel Eschwege was already advantageously known by his articles in the *Corres Braziliense*; his present work is a pendant to Martin and Spix's splendid work on the Natural History of the Brazilian Empire.
 Eschwege, Pluto Brasiliensis, (Brazilian Pluto,) gr. 8vo. plates, 1l. 8s.
 Guerike, Handbuch der allgemeinen Kirchengeschichte, (Manual of Universal Ecclesiastical History,) 2 Bde gr. 8vo. 1l.
 Steiner, über die geometrischen Constructionen (Geometrical Construction,) 8vo. 3s.
 Bucholtz, Geschichte der Regierung Ferdinand des Ersten (History of the Reign of Frederick the First,) 4r Bd. gr. 8vo. 1l.
 Instruction für die öffentlich angestellten Aerzte und Wundärzte (Instructions for the public Examination of Physicians and Surgeons,) 4to. 2s. 6d.
 Hahn, Monographie der Spinnen (Monography of Spiders,) 6 Hefte, 4to. col. 2l.
 Raumer, Sammlung ungedruckter Urkunden zur Brandenburgischen Geschichte (Collection of unpublished Records on the History of Brandenburg,) 2 Thle, 4to. 1l. 10s.
 Heinrich, Commentar über de Gffenbarung Johannis (Commentary on the Revelation of St. John,) 8vo. 1s. 6d.
 Possart, Grammatik der Persischen Sprache (Persian Grammar,) 8vo. 9s.

MUSIC.

EVERY day shows us more and more the necessity of having a national opera. There are, we may say, not more than four principal theatres in London, and these are opened for the performance of foreign operas, spectacles, burlettas, plays, and melo-dramas, and not more than two composers are employed amongst them all.

At Drury Lane and Covent Garden Mr. T. Cooke is engaged to direct the music, which, to be properly conducted, requires at least two directors. At the Olympic there is no composer. At the Adelphi Mr. Rodwell is compelled to write numbers of trifling scraps of music in a given time, which, as a man of taste and genius, he must feel cannot do him credit.

English composers are *excluded* from Drury Lane and Covent Garden. Why? because Mr. Bunn, the lessee, who knows nothing, and who cares nothing about music, will not pay English composers to write for those two theatres, while he can procure foreign operas *for nothing*; we do not wish to blame Mr. Bunn for preferring getting his music without paying for it, to employing persons whom he *must* pay; taking into consideration his want of feeling for the art in all that does not concern his pocket.

The Adelphi and Olympic are theatres for melo-drama and intrigue, and the proprietors of them can satisfy their audiences without good music; what then becomes of our dramatic composers? Those who have been educated in the art of writing for the stage, who have expended their all, and devoted their lives to that particular style of writing—they must either starve or submit to the drudgery of teaching for a mere pittance.

There are now in England many composers of first rate abilities, some who have already been before the public, and who have succeeded, as far as the managers would allow them, by the position in which their works were placed; others, who have written operas in the vain hope of having them performed, but who have invariably met with disappointment and rejection. Among the former are Mr. Bishop, who is obliged to wander about the country because he cannot find sufficient employment in London; Mr. Burnett, who is about to quit England in disgust, because, in addition to his not being engaged to write for any theatre, he is even shut out from the common privileges of the theatre which belong to those who have written successfully, namely, the *entrée* to them; Mr. Wade, who is starving in a prison, &c. Amongst the latter are Messrs. E. Loder, Henry Smart, C. Packer, G. Macfarren, &c. &c.

It might be asked why these composers did not offer their works, and meet with encouragement at Mr. Arnold's theatre, the English Opera? The answer is, that there is no more encouragement for the English composer at that theatre than at any other. The licence was granted by George III. to Mr. Arnold, father to the present proprietor, for a national English opera house, in which nothing foreign should be made use of, nor foreigner employed in it; the very materials were to have been English. How far Mr. Arnold has kept to those restrictions, the public can judge. From the time of his

producing the Feirchütz downwards none but foreign operas have been performed at that theatre. Mr. Arnold has, therefore, forfeited his license.

It being then found that neither at Drury Lane, Covent Garden, Olympic, Adelphi, nor at the English Opera, the composer of music can find employment for his genius, it suggests itself naturally that he must have a national opera built for the exclusive performance of English works, and where all those who profess talent will find a market for it, and without prejudice; for such a theatre Mr. Barnett petitioned the King and the Chamberlain, but neither his Majesty or the Duke of Devonshire entered into the interests of the musicians: his Majesty, is in truth, no patron of the arts, and the Duke dislikes every thing that is not foreign. Mr. Rodwell published a pamphlet, endeavouring to rouse the energies of his sleepy brother musicians to do something towards establishing the opera, but nothing has of yet come of all this. We should recommend Mr. Barnett, if he can find speculating friends, who will between them put down so much money as may be required to build a national opera, to build it in spite of the want of taste and feeling of the King towards artists, or the fastidious coldness of the Lord Chamberlain; for we cannot but feel that an art must not go down, and a whole class of people either be driven from their native homes or be exposed to want in them, because two *individuals* say, "we set our face against you." The question would, no doubt, be taken up by Parliament, and a bill would be brought in for the establishment of a theatre that would bring music to a high pitch of excellence in England, and reward English composers with honour and remuneration.

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AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

ON a retrospect of the past year, the seasons seem to have consisted of alternate drought and deluges of rain ; of a constant setting of the wind in the north-eastern and northern quarters, or of sudden alterations between those and the south-western : the atmospheric changes, likewise, between heat and cold, being in perfect unison. Thence the unfortunate effect on human health. On the whole, however, easterly and northerly winds may be said to have been most prevalent during a considerable length of time ; that is to say, from the commencement of the late sickly seasons. Now, it is characteristic and habitual with the atmosphere, for the wind having blown for any great length of time from a particular quarter to change to the nearly opposite quarter ; where, as if by way of an atmospheric balance, it continues during a considerable or nearly equal length of time : thus, the change having arrived, the wind suddenly veered about to the southern and western boards, where it has continued with considerable steadiness during several weeks, bringing with it almost constant daily or nightly rains. In the beginning of last month it was remarked in various quarters, with a degree of surprise, how little damage the rains had occasioned, and in what a small degree cultivation in general had been impeded ; but from what we have seen within these few days, on going over considerable breadths of strong and heavy land, we have no reason to congratulate ourselves on the condition of such, or to expect that they will be very soon ready, whether for cleaning, of which they stand miserably in need, or for cultivation.

The accounts from all low-land parts of the country, in consequence of the deluges of rain which have fallen, are most melancholy ; the immediate losses sustained, great ; and the effects which may be too probably expected of retarding and embarrassing the spring culture, must be highly injurious to the interests of the farmer. Considerable damage has also been sustained in the country from the hurricanes of wind which have so long and frequently prevailed ; but, as some degree of atonement for this misfortune, it has generally been observed, that the constant high winds have been extremely beneficial to the water-logged and sodden lands, by promoting absorption. The accounts from Ireland, with its naturally moist climate, are of an infinitely more disastrous complexion than those from our own country ; detailing, indeed, scenes of havoc and destruction, from the inclemency and unseasonableness of the weather, but too likely to entail utter ruin on a great part of that already sufficiently oppressed and unfortunate country. The thunder and lightning, in *January* ! on our own southern coasts, have been terrific.

The wheats, nevertheless, upon firm and good soils, where sheltered from the storm, and not flooded or too much drenched with moisture, have a healthy and promising aspect, as neither too rank and thick-set to be styled winter-proud, nor the least defective in plant. Their colour, also, is healthful and good ; and it is a disheartening reflection to augur on the deplorable change which these now fine and promising crops may have to endure anon, from a cold spring and blighting summer season, the too usual sequences of a mild and moist winter. But a truce to miserable anticipations ; for the farmer may well say, "sufficient unto the present day are the evils thereof." As to our own stock of bread-corn, we have proved that the crop of wheat of 1832 was a full average ; of the last crop, an opinion worthy of dependence cannot yet be formed, since the vast quanti-

ties crowded upon the markets towards the end of last year were the mere result of a general want of money in the country. Hence the imports from the Continent, and recourse to the bonded corn, have been trifling, and even exceeded by our exports. Letters from Dantzic and other parts of the Continent remark upon this as probable to have a considerable effect on their prices, although their stocks of wheat, in no parts, are held to be superabundant. The prices of wheat in our own markets have had very little variation of late; but the samples, of all but the finest and dryest corn, have been much deteriorated as to the *hand*, by the constant moisture of the atmosphere. Nor is much variation probable, until some speculative judgment shall be formed as to the success of the future crop.

Our chief imports of late have been seeds, linseed, and clover, with eight or nine hundred quarters of peas, and some tares. In barley and malt there is little variation of price. Beans seem most saleable. Peas, oats, and seeds are awaiting purchasers. In fact, all articles of the first necessity, in our own country, which ought to be the happiest on the face of the earth, are in exuberant plenty, and at prices which must be deemed low, since, in few instances, do they produce profit, or can they be afforded. In consequence, we read of public meetings and of fine speeches, conveying an endless variety of propositions, and remedies for the cure of our financial maladies, and the improvement of our national circumstances. After all, the sum of this matter, of such profound national importance, lies in a nut-shell; it is but to reduce our whole fiscal and national expenditure to an honest and fair standard—but the *how* to achieve this? that is the only *desideratum* of real consequence.

Nothing can at present be said, with any degree of certainty, of the state of the lands intended for the spring crops; on that head we must refer to our next report. The provision markets of the metropolis have been amply supplied, and prices generally tending downwards; in good truth and good hopes, there seems a general tendency in old England towards that cheapness of living enjoyed in former days; an additional public blessing would be, the exchange of a gin-drinking for a beer-drinking population—surely, in case of excess, the least of two evils. Wool continues a selling article at a fair price, and all the imported fleeces find a ready market. This certainly speaks well for our staple manufacturers.

The dead markets, by the carcase, per stone of 8lbs.—Beef, 2s. 4d. to 3s. 8d.; Mutton, 2s. 4d. to 3s. 10d.; Veal, 3s. 4d., 5s. 4d.; Pork, 3s. to 4s. 4d.; best dairy, 5s.

Game, at Leadenhall Market.—Pheasants, 9 to 10s. the brace, scarce; Partridges, particularly scarce, selling readily from 4 to 5s. a brace; Hares, 3s. 6d. to 4s. each; Wild-fowl, scarce—ducks, 5s. to 6s. the couple; Widgeon, 4 to 5s.; Teal, 1s. 6d., 3s.; Woodcocks, 10s. a couple; no Snipes at market; Wild Rabbits, from 18s. to 21s. a dozen, and in great plenty.

Corn Exchange.—Wheat, 38s., 60s.; Barley, 24s., 32s.; Oats, 16s., 24s.; London Loaf, 4lbs., fine bread, 8½d.; Hay, 60s. to 84s.; Clover ditto, 70s., 95s.; Straw, 25s. to 32s.

Coal Exchange.—Coals in the Pool, 14 to 20s. per ton; delivered to the consumer at an additional expense of 9 to 12d. per ton.

Middlesex, Jan. 27.